





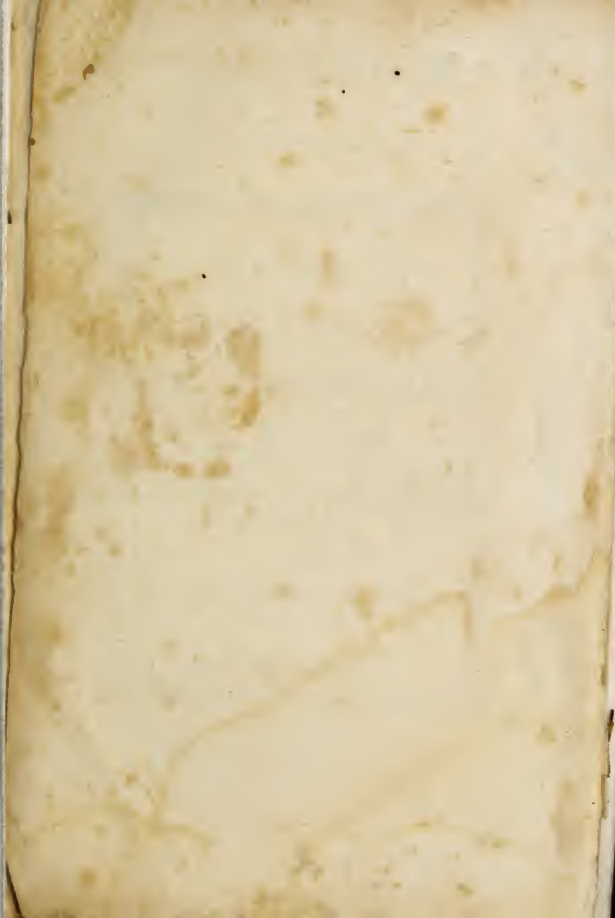
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SELECT MELODIES;

COMPRISING THE BEST

Hymns and Spiritual Songs

IN COMMON USE,

AND NOT GENERALLY FOUND IN

STANDARD CHURCH HYMN-BOOKS:

AS ALSO A NUMBER OF

Original Pieces, and Translations from the
German.

BY WILLIAM HUNTER.

Cincinnati:

PRINTED AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

R. P. THOMPSON, PRINTER.

1860.

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PREFACE.

FORMER editions of this book have met with almost unparalleled favor. A new one seems to be required. It is true that several of the churches have recently been revising and remodeling their church hymn-books. But this book is designed to occupy another sphere. It is not a *church* hymn-book; but rather a book of pious songs for the family and religious social circle. It is impossible that all the good hymns in the language should be embraced in any one church hymn-book. Some are omitted because they are not needed in the department of subjects to which they belong. Some, though excellent in themselves, cannot easily be classified; and are thus passed over. The literary and poetical execution of some will scarcely entitle them to a place in such collections; yet they are not destitute of merit, and will not be thrown away by the people, who generally appreciate simplicity and pathos more than sublimity of subject and elegance of style. Again, new pieces, of merit, are constantly making their appearance. So that, however excellent a standard church hymn-book may be, there will probably always be a demand for works

of this class. People will never content themselves to sing only what is contained between the lids of church hymn-books. In addition to what such a book contains, there is a kind of traditional hymnology transmitted from generation to generation, much of it justly offensive to persons of cultivated taste, but adhered to, like the rude ballads of a nation, with wonderful tenacity. Withal, it is not destitute of excellences; and sometimes contains lyrical gems of as pure and serene a ray as any to be found elsewhere. Some of the finest strains of Wesley, formerly, were only to be met in pious song-books, mixed up with choruses and ditties of very humble, if not contemptible character. Witness, for instance, that noble song,

“Come, let us join our friends above.”

This one, and a number of similar character, legitimately belonging by prior right to the Select Melodies, are now to be found in the standard Methodist church hymn-book. And the editor of the Melodies desires that it may be remembered, that whenever the same hymn is found both in this book and in the church book, it was inserted in the church book after it had been selected for the Melodies. In selecting the Melodies, we took none from the Methodist hymn-book. But the compilers, first of the “Supplement,” and then of the hymn-book, took such as were in the

Melodies. Hence, although the book of "Select Melodies" was designed to comprise only such hymns as were not found in the standard Methodist hymn-book, it has not given up those to which it seemed to have a right by previous appropriation, though they have afterwards found their way into the church book. We are not to be understood here as complaining of the insertion of these hymns in the church hymn-book; but only as justifying their continuance in this book.

In the present edition of this book, some of the less popular and inferior hymns of the old edition are omitted, and their place supplied with new selections, original songs, and translations from the German. The original songs of the former edition having been favorably received, the author has felt himself encouraged to venture a few more from his portfolio. Hymns, properly speaking—congregational hymns—he has not aspired to write, but pious songs for more humble occasions. The original pieces are distinguished by the initials of the author—translations by the initials of the translator, with an asterisk prefixed, thus: * W. H.

Frequent references are made to the pages of the "Minstrel of Zion," published by John Ball, Philadelphia, for a suitable tune to the hymns. The Minstrel and the Melodies will be found adapted to each other.

Among many others, we select the following

commendatory notices of former editions of *this* work.

"Since it is so that there must be a collection of popular hymns for prayer-meetings and the social circle, we are glad to see that this matter has been taken in hand by one so well calculated to do it justice as the editor of the present volume. Two things in this collection will make very much in its favor—the absence of those doggerel ditties, which are a reproach to an enlightened people, and the presence of some hymns, which, though not in our standard hymn-book, will not suffer on a comparison with some of Mr. Wesley's most evangelical strains. We discover also some beautiful originals." * * * * *

Christian Advocate and Journal.

"This, in our opinion, is much superior to any other collection of spiritual songs presented to the public for many years. It is a selection of the best, improved by additions from the pen of the compiler." * * *

Western Christian Advocate.

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SELECT MELODIES:

A COLLECTION OF FAVORITE HYMNS.

INVITING.

1

8 lines 8s and 7s.

MUSIC RECLAIMED.—C. WESLEY.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil:
Drunken or light or lewd, the lay
Tends to the soul's undoing;
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

- 2 Who on the part of God will rise?
Innocent sounds recover?
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize;
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure;
Music in virtue's cause retain;
Rescue the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come, let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above;
This upon earth can fire us:
Try if your hearts are tuned to sing;
Is there a subject greater?

Harmony all its strains may bring;
But Jesus' name is sweeter.

- 4 Jesus the soul of music is ;
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation :
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven ;
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who have a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises ?
Cheerful our hearts, for Christ is King ;
Joyful are all our faces :
Who of his perfect love partakes,
He evermore rejoices :
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary ;
Offer the sacrifice of praise
In spirit, never ceasing ;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship, and thanks, and blessing
- 7 Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer ;
Only believe, and then sing on ;
Heaven is yours for ever.

2

4 lines 8s.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation;
Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature:

CHORUS.

*Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
Jesus reigns.*

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Lo! he reigns, &c

4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3

L. M.—*Fly to the desert.*

THE WATER OF LIFE.—F. E. PITTS.

- FLY to the fountain, fly with me,
 It rolls divinely pure and free;
 For travellers fainting in distress,
 'Twas opened in the wilderness.
- 2 When Israel saw the healing tide,
 Fresh flowing from the mountain side,
 It quenched their thirst and quelled their
 strife,
 An emblem of the stream of life.
- 3 To David's house it first was given,
 To taste its stream and think of heaven;
 Now every tribe beneath the sun
 May to the living waters run.
- 4 To every land, to every race,
 In "every dry and barren place,"
 The water's free, and free the call;
 None are denied, but welcome all.
- 5 To wake the world, and all invite,
 The Spirit and the Bride unite;
 And let the news be carried home,
 And every one that hears it, come.
- 6 The thirsty, in the desert place,
 May hear the welcome word of grace;
 Though dying, if he will believe,
 Eternal life he shall receive.
- 7 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries—
 And every one, my soul replies—
 For every one there's ample room,
 Then freely to the waters come.

4

C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess :
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

5

C. M.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat !

- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
 "I starve in foreign lands;
 My father's house has large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 "I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue
 Fall down before his face;
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hastened to his home,
 To seek his father's love;
 The father sees the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 Embraced and kissed his son;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks
 For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin."
 The father gives command;
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,
 With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
 Let joy and mirth abound;
 My son was dead, and lives again;
 Was lost, and now is found."

6

4 lines 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around;
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort never found.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;

Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me to your rest!

8 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you live shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power:
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

5 "Follow me!" I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light the burden now to me.

7

L. M.—*Harvest Home.*

THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Angels, ere long, will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
For soon, &c.

8 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under means of grace;

To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

For soon, &c.

- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

For soon, &c.

- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

For soon, &c.

- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

For soon, &c.

- 7 Most awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

For soon, &c.

8

L. M.

FREEDOM TO THE CAPTIVES.

GO forth, ye heralds, and proclaim
The wonders of a Saviour's name;
Proclaim the year of jubilee,
And bid the captives now go free.

CHORUS.

*Oh, hallelujah! grace is free:
There's enough for each, enough for all,
Enough for evermore.*

- 2 Go spread the victory of his cross,
And reckon all things else but loss;
Waft the glad sound from sea to sea,
And bid the captives now go free.
- 3 Go tell poor sinners all around,
The dead may live, the lost be found;
Show what he purchased on the tree,
And bid the captives now go free.
- 4 Proclaim the Gospel-news around,
That all may know the joyful sound;
Go sound the trump of jubilee,
And bid the captives now go free
- 5 The great commission! make it known;
Let bleeding love to all be shown;
The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
And every captive soul go free.
- 6 'Tis blessed news! ye heralds, run;
Soon will your day of toil be done;
'Tis grace, free grace and liberty,
And captives all may now go free.

9

C. M.—*The Mellow Horn*.*

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.—W. H.

HOW brightly beams the day of grace,
The day of freedom, dear
To all the toiling, wretched race,
Oppressed by slavish fear!
How sweet the trumpet-accents sail
On airy pinions free,

* *Miustrel of Zion*, p. 140.

To listening ears that wait to hail
 "The year of Jubilee."

CHORUS.

The jubilee! The year of jubilee!
The jubilee! The year of jubilee!
How sweet the trumpet-accents sail, &c.

2 Ye laboring souls of Adam's race,
 With Satan's fetters bound,
 Throw off your chains, your hands upraise,
 And hail the joyful sound:
 Ye slaves of Satan, toil no more,
 The gospel cries "Be free;"
 And raise the shout from shore to shore,
 "The year of jubilee." *Chorus.*

3 Ye who have sold for nought your lands,
 And bade your hopes adieu,
 Your Lord, with his own bleeding hands,
 Has bought them back for you:
 Return, ye exiles, to your homes—
 Your kindred haste to see;
 The happy day of grace hath come—
 "The year of jubilee." *Chorus.*

Ye watchmen, blow the trumpet strong
 Through every glen and vale;
 And roll the notes of joy along
 On every freeborn gale.
 How happy they who know the sound,
 How great their transports be!
 Their hearts, with quickening raptures
 bound,
 To hail the jubilee. *Chorus.*

10

8, 7, 4.—*Sadness.**

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence—oh, how tender!
 Every line is full of love;
 Listen to it—
 Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name!"
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed!
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon,
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it—
 Offered to you by the Lord?
- 5 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

11

L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
Oh! hasten, sinner, to return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue:
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste:
Oh, may we all improve the grace,
And see with joy thy glorious face.

12

L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need:
The Man of Nazareth is he,
With garments dyed from Calvary.
- 3 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
That matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;

Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

13

3, 3, 6.

SINNER, come,
Mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling, now,
Contrite bow,
Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner, come,
While there's room,
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord,
By his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come;
Lo, the tomb
Opens wide before thee!
See death stand—
Lift his hand,
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

14

6, 4.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;

Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there 's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high :
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

15

7, 6.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think
 Before you farther go ;
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command
 Soon 'twill stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damned.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When his judgment he proclaims ;
 And the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flames ?
- 8 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar ;
 Then, to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair ;

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance cries aloud,
And what will you reply?

- 4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners He invites to come,
None that come shall be denied—
He says there still is room.

16

C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While you remain in sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
Amid its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
And never more be seen.

- 2 In silent shades must you lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And take their long farewell.

How small this world will then appear,
 At the tremendous hour
 When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
 And feel his mighty power !

- 3 Departed days, the harvest past,
 In vain you then shall mourn ;
 Your golden hours are spent at last,
 And never will return.
 Oh, come this moment, seek the Lord ;
 Accept his offers now ;
 Yield to the mandate of his word,
 And at his altar bow.

17

L. M.—double.

C. GILES.

YOUNG people, all attention give,
 While I address you in God's name :
 You who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsel of a friend.
 I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
 And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice,
 But never found substantial joys
 Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

- 2 He spake my sins at once forgiven,
 And washed my load of guilt away ;
 He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the good old way :
 And now with trembling sense I view
 Huge billows roll beneath your feet ;
 For death eternal waits for you,
 And hell is moved your souls to meet.
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time or conquering death ;

- Yon morning sun may set at noon,
So transient is our mortal breath;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head;
Your friends may pass that lonesome
place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 But oh, the soul where vengeance reigns,
Sinks down with groans and ceaseless
cries;
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless wo and agonies:
There swallowed up in darkest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are
o'er.
- 6 O fellow-youth! this is the state
Of all who God's free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord;
But with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

18

L. M.— *Will you go ?*

WE are travelling home to Heaven ~~at once~~
Will you go ? Will you go ?

To sing a Saviour's dying love ;

Will you go ? Will you go ?

Our sun shall there no more go down ;

Our moon shall never be withdrawn ;

Our days of mourning past and gone ;

Will you go ? Will you go ?

2 We are going to walk the plains of light ;

Will you, &c.

Where perfect day dispels the night ;

Will you, &c.

The crown of life we all shall wear,

And palms of victory shall bear ;

And heavenly joys forever share ;

Will you go ? Will you go ?

8 We are going to strike the golden lyre ;

Will you, &c.

And sing with all the angels' choir ;

Will you, &c.

We'll tell of God's redeeming grace ;

We'll see our Saviour face to face ;

And evermore proclaim his praise ;

Will you go ? Will you go ?

4 The way to heaven is free to all ;

Will you, &c.

Both Jew and Gentile, great and small ;

Will you, &c.

Make up your mind, give God your heart,

From every sin and idol part ;

And on the way to glory start ;

Will you go ? Will you go ?

- 5 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go ; I will go ;
 I'll start this moment on my way ;
 I will go ; I will go ;
 My old companions, fare you well ;
 I will not go with you to hell ;
 With my Redeemer I will dwell ;
 Let me go—Let me go.

19

C. M.—*Pilgrim Band.**

W. H.

CHORUS.

*Oh, who will go along with me
 To the New Jerusalem ?
 From all below we soon shall go
 To the New Jerusalem.*

WE'RE marching to the promised land,
 A land all fair and bright ;
 Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
 And seek the plains of light.

- 2 The deep Red Sea already crossed,
 Safe on its banks we stood ;
 And saw our foes, old Pharaoh's host,
 Plunged in the angry flood.
- 8 The Saviour feeds his little flock ;
 His grace is richly given ;
 The living water from the rock,
 And daily bread from heaven.
- 4 To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
 And guides our feet aright ;
 A cloudy pillar leads by day ;
 A fiery one by night.

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 111.

- 5 "Come with us, we will do thee good;"
 Here is our heart and hand,
 To meet you over Jordan's flood,
 And share the promised land.
- 6 There in that land no tears are shed;
 Nor sigh escapes the heart;
 To joy's full fountain all are led;
 And there they never part.

20

C. M.—*The Hiding-place.**

THE FLIGHT FROM SODOM.—W. H.

CHORUS.

*Sinners, the hiding-place is nigh;
 The Saviour calls—away!
 He is the only refuge—fly!
 There's danger in delay.*

SINNERS, the city where you dwell
 Is doomed to fearful wo;
 Those dark, impending clouds foretell
 The quick descending blow.

- 2 Beneath you shall the trembling ground
 Quake with the wrath of God;
 While all above you and around
 Shall roll the fiery flood.
- 3 Haste from your revels and your mirth
 And all your carnal joys;
 The day of wrath is bursting forth;
 Oh! hasten to be wise.
- 4 Fly to the mountain, quickly fly;
 Nor will your flight be vain;
 'Tis God's own house, and heaven is nigh:
 Stay not in all the plain.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 84.

- 5 Angels, sweet messengers of love,
Lend you their rapid wing;
And thou good Spirit from above,
All needful succors bring.
- 6 Why do you tarry, trembling souls,
Haste ere the lightnings blaze:
Fly ere the rumbling thunder rolls,
Fly to the hiding-place.

21

C. M.—*The Prodigal*.*

W. H.

CHORUS.

*Oh! I'll not die here with want severe,
And starve in foreign lands;
In my father's house are rich supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.*

YE erring souls that wildly roam
From heaven and bliss astray,
Your father's voice invites you home,
He makes a feast to-day.

- 2 And thou art bidden, weary one,
With wants and woes opprest;
And every far-off wandering son,
May be a welcome guest.
- 3 Return, thou prodigal, return,
Thy father bids thee come;
He doth thy needless absence mourn:
Thou erring child, come home.
- 4 Come, for the feast already waits,
The fatlings all are slain;
Go, seek with haste his palace-gates;
Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 42.

- 5 The father stands and waits to greet
 His late returning son;
 Go, haste thee, child, he runs to meet,
 And kiss thee as his own.

22

*Fly to Jesus.**

W. H.

CHORUS.

*To the Saviour fly—to his shielding breast;
 Fly to Jesus;
 Lay thy burden there—he will give thee rest;
 Fly to Jesus.*

WHY wanderest thou so far from home?
Fly to Jesus:

The vilest of the vile may come:
Fly to Jesus. Chorus.

- 2 The tempter whispers, "Yet delay;"—
Fly to Jesus;
 Resist his wiles and come to-day;
Fly to Jesus. Chorus.

- 8 To-day thy homeward pathway trace;
Fly to Jesus;
 Long hast thou toiled in folly's ways;
Fly to Jesus. Chorus.

- 4 Thy toils have only brought thee woes;
Fly to Jesus;
 Oh, tarry not—the door may close;
Fly to Jesus. Chorus.

- 6 Come feast on joys divinely pure:
Fly to Jesus;
 Come, and eternal life secure;
Fly to Jesus. Chorus.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 38.

SEEKING SALVATION.

23

7s and 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious ;
 If in Jesus you believe,
 You will find him precious.
 Lo ! he now is passing by,
 Calls the mourners to him ;
 He has died that you and I
 Might look up and view him.

- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows a healing lotion ;
 See the heart-consoling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying ;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.
- 3 Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden ;
 Jesus calls, " Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden ;
 Though your sins like mountains rise,
 Rise and reach to heaven :"
 When your heart on him relies,
 "All sin shall be forgiven."
- 4 Now methinks I hear one say,
 I will go and prove him ;
 If he takes my sins away,
 Surely I shall love him :
 Yes, I see the Father smile .
 Smiling moves my burden :

All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh! the wonderful story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him:
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
Oh! that I could sing so loud
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region;
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout amen,
While the angels wonder.

24

C. M.—*Penitence*.*

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 84.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord! am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed;
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame;
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

25 4 8s and 2 6s.—*The Happy Few.**

A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 I knew not what to do;
 O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain;
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless wo.

- 2 Amazed, I stood, but could not tell,
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near:
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled;
 It poured its curses on my head,

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 146.

- I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load :
Alas ! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sank in deep despair.
- 6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
I felt his pity move :
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise :
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

26

4 lines 7s.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh, how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do;
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

27

7s and 6s.

COME, my soul, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve thee.

2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me;
Troubled like the restless seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued by sin, a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretched upon the wood,
Bleeding, thirsting, crying;
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

4 See him sleeping with the dead.
Angel hosts surprising;
See him quit his rocky bed,
Gloriously arising;
See him seated on the throne,
Reigning there forever;
Drooping soul, that mighty One
Is thine own great Saviour.

28

C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close mine eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

29

C. M.

HARK! from the cross a gracious voice,
Salutes my ravish'd ears,
"Rejoice, thou ransomed soul, rejoice,
And dry those falling tears."

- 2 Amazed, I turn, grown strangely 'old,
This wondrous thing to see ;
And there my dying Lord behold,
Stretched on the bloody tree !
- 8 "Sinner," he cries, "behold the head
This thorny wreath entwines ;
Look on these wounded hands, and read
Thy name in crimson lines.
- 4 "These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
This anguish rends my breast,
That I may save thy soul from hell,
And give thee endless rest."
- 5 The power, the sweetness of that voice,
My stony heart can move,
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.
- 6 No more my harp neglected lies,
With silent, broken strings ;
From earth my soul has learned to rise,
And mount on eagles' wings.
- 7 My dying Saviour's wondrous love
On earth employs my tongue ;
And when I walk in white above,
That love shall be my song.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God ;
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet, quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise ;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me ;
And in the victory of thy death,
May I a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies :
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

31 8s and 7s.—*Universal Praise*.*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 150.

- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransomed race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

32

C. M.

- YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain pleasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most blessed.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

33

4 lines 7s.

- COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wandering home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."
- 8 Jesus—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

- 5 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God.
- 6 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

34 8s and 7s.—*Cease, fond nature.**

- “**M**ERCY, O thou son of David!”
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
 “Others by thy word are savéd,
 Now to me afford thine aid.”
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 “Come and ask me what you will.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,
 Alms, which none but he could give.
- 4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let mine eyes behold the day!”
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!”

- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

35 4 8s and 4 7s.—*The Paralytic.**

W. H.

REVIEW the palsied sinner's case,
Who sought for health in Jesus;
His friends conveyed him to the place,
Where he might meet with Jesus.
A multitude were thronging round,
To keep them back from Jesus;
But from the roof they let him down,
Before the face of Jesus.

- 2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of yours,
To find their way to Jesus;
His grace the worst diseases cures;
Oh, help them on to Jesus.
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel:
There's none can save but Jesus;
'Tis he alone their souls can heal:
Oh, help them on to Jesus.

- 8 The fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized,
Oh, help them on to Jesus.
The seeds of death are sown within,
There's none can save but Jesus,
The worst disease on earth is sin,
Oh, help them on to Jesus.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 106.

- 4 O Saviour, hear their mournful cry,
And tell them thou art Jesus;
Oh, speak the word, or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus:
Now let them hear thy voice declare,
Thou all-sufficient Jesus,
That thou didst die to hear their prayer,
And give them health in Jesus.
- 5 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus:
Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 6 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus,
I love my blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus:
His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear,
The charming name of Jesus!
- 7 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
And sisters, all your voices raise;
Oh, bless the name of Jesus:
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.

36

C. M.
W. D. L.

CHORUS.

*I weep, I mourn, I pray,
O Jesus, now forgive.*

O Jesus, I have come to thee,
My wanderings to deplore;
Wilt thou not set my spirit free?
My fallen soul restore?

Chorus.

2 My sins are more than I can bear,
Oh, speak them all forgiven:
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.

Chorus.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief
Which none can give but thee.

Chorus.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know?
Oh, let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

Chorus.

37

5 6s and 3 bs.

POOR, WILDERED, WEEPING HEART.

POOR, wildered, weeping heart
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee:

Come, though with woes oppressed,
Soft is thy Saviour's breast,
There mayst thou sweetly rest,
There naught can grieve thee.

2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying;
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace;
There seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 Hence guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me forever;
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—oh, never:
From unbelief of mind;
From thoughts to sin inclined—
From flesh and hell combined
Thou wilt deliver.

PRAYER.

38

C. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That any lips can try—
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gate of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, Behold! he prays.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, in deed, in mind,
 When with the Father and the Son
 Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

39 4 11s and 1 6s.—*Bower of Prayer.*•

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
 And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
 Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day,
 From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray—
 Where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the poplar were spread,
 And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head:
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
 And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer!
 To my Saviour in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
 The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine!
 Yet sweeter, oh, sweeter superlative, were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—
 In answer to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed
grove
That Jesus was pleaséd my guilt to remove;
Presenting himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to
pray—
And taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the loved night-
ingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my
bell
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to
prayer—
As I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus my Saviour oft deigned there
to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely re-
treat;
Oft filled me with rapture and peacefulness
there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my
prayer—
Own language my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave thee, and bid
thee adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts which are
new;
Well knowing my Saviour is found every-
where,
And can, in all places, give answer to
prayer—
Give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
 Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there
 made;
 And when at a distance, my thoughts shall
 repair
 To the place where my Saviour first an-
 swered my prayer—
 First answered my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and **my**
 all,
 Will guide and direct me when on him I
 call;
 And when I am dying, he'll be with me there.
 And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.—
 In answer to prayer.

40

8 lines 8s and 7s.

G. ASKINS.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
 And adore the Lord our God;
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we try to preach the word?
 All is vain, unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One comes down;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round **you**
 Slumbering on the brink of wo;
 Death is coming, hell is moving;
 Can you bear to let them go?
 See your fathers and your mothers,
 And your children sinking down;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
 Who were once near heaven's door,
 But they have betrayed their Saviour
 And are worse than e'er before ;
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
 If they will lament their wound ;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help, as
 Moses' sister helpéd him,
 While you see the trembling sinners
 Who are struggling hard with sin ?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found ;
 Pray on, sisters, and the manna
 Will be showered all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
 Let us love each other, too ;
 Let us love, and pray for sinners,
 Till our God makes all things new ;
 Then he'll call us home to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down :
 Christ will gird himself, and serve us
 With sweet manna, all around.

41 2 8s, 2 7s and 1 4s.—*Tamworth.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty—
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heavén,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong deliv'rer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
 In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be my robe of righteousness:
 Fight and conquer
 All my foes by sovereign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

42 8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Interrogation.**

LET thy kingdom, blesséd Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease;
 Come, oh, come! and reign forever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace;
 Visit, now, poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee:

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 40.

Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap;
 Not kept back by force or numbers—
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit—
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all thy truth:
 On thy gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—
 O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

43

4 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast:
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face,

Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the time so vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

45

C. M.

'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
 When Christ himself draws near,
 And every heart with one accord
 Ascends in solemn prayer.

- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,
 In heavenly showers descend,
 Our souls commune with saints above,
 In bliss that knows no end:
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace;
 The fountain makes them sing:
 We travel through the wilderness—
 They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well,
 The conflict but begun:
 They of their past engagements tell,
 And sing the conquest won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
 And are sometimes cast down;
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

46

4 7s.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
 Enter ere it be too late;
 Many ask to enter there,
 When too late to offer prayer.

- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And forever bar the skies;
 Then, though sinners cry without,
 He will say, "I know you not."

- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
 Lord! we have professed thy name;
 We have ate with thee, and heard
 Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity;
 Sad their everlasting lot—
 Christ will say, "I know you not."

47

C. M.

- O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day

48

C. M.—*Supplication*

JESUS, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest

2 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

3 Give me some kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

49 2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.—*Sadness.**
PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHORUS.

Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high!
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 164.

- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Covered thick with blossoms stood;
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipped them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

50

8 lines 8s.

BISHOP HEDDING

YE angels who mortals attend,
 And minister comfort in wo,
 Come listen, ye heavenly friends,
 My happier story to know :
 I sing of a theme most sublime,
 No sorrow my song can control—
 I sing of the rapturous time,
 When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
 Because I had wandered from God,
 I strove my sad case to bewail,
 My sins were a cumberous load ;
 O Saviour, have mercy, I cried !
 Oh, pardon a wretch that's so vile !
 Then quickly his blood was applied,
 And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
 Was chased in a moment away ;
 The joy of my soul, newly born,
 Increased like the dawning of day.
 My Saviour redeemed me from sin,
 He saves not in part but in whole ;
 He writes his salvation within—
 For, oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.

- 4 I now am so blessed with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more:
Resigned to his pleasure I'd live,
Till time's latest circle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For, oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
- 5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
No danger my soul can affright,
While onward to mansions of day
I go in Immanuel's might:
Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
From the center quite through to each
pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad song,
Come, bear me to Jesus, my king,
To join with the heavenly throng.
'Tis there I'll eternally feast,
On joys that enrapture the whole;
All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
Farewell to my friends and my foes;
I haste from these scenes to the skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows:
He bids me leave all for his sake—
I'll run till I reach the blessed goal;
Then me to his arms he will take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

51

C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His words my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

52

C. M.—*Love Feast.**

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 86.

Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spoke,
 And glowed with sacred fire ;
 He stooped and talked, and fed and blessed,
 And filled th' enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

*A Saviour ! let creation sing ;
 A Saviour ! let all heaven ring :
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours ;
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who've gone before ,
 We then shall meet to part no more.*

- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God ;
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die ;
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We'll force our passage through ;
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown, our due.

- 8 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain ;
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows ;
 Oh, pour the mighty flood !
 And sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

- 4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
 And set thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Be thee proclaimed thine own :

May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

53

C. M.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God!

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

5 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

6 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

54

8 lines 8s and 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou henceforth my all shall be!
 Perish, every fond ambition—
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet, how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are all my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hopes and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And while *Thou* shalt smile upon me—
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,
 Show thy face, and all is right.
- 3 Go, then, earthly frame and treasure;
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 I have called thee Abba, Father—
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
 Think that Jesus died to save thee—
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer—
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
 God's own hand shall guide thee there;
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

55

4 lines 11s.—*Sweet Home.*

MID scenes of confusion and creature
 complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with
 saints!
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace,
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
 cease,
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory at home.

8 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with
 thee:
 Though now my temptations like billows may
 foam,
 All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
 home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my
day ;

In all my afflictions, to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy
grace!

Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face :

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine,

No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home

56

3 8s and 2 7s.

THE specious world promiscuous flows,
Enrapt in fancy's vision :
Allured by sound, beguiled by shows
And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth be given ;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

8 Creation's mighty fabric all
Will be to atoms riven ;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball—
There's nothing firm but heaven.

- 4 This world, with all its wealth, is poor,
 And like a baseless vision ;
 Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
 Its gems and crowns are vain and poor—
 There's nothing rich but heaven.
- 5 A stranger lonely here I roam,
 From place to place I'm driven,
 My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
 This earth is lonely as a tomb—
 I have no home but heaven.
- 6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
 My sins are all forgiven ;
 Triumphant grace has quelled my fears :
 Roll on, ye suns, fly swift, ye years,
 I'm on the wing for heaven.
- 7 And now I bid the world adieu,
 Let life's dull chains be riven ;
 The charms of Christ have caught my view,
 The world of light I will pursue,
 To live with him in heaven.

57

L. M.—double.

F. E. PITTS.

- OH, let me sing of sins forgiven,
 The tranquil triumph of my soul ;
 Oh, let me sing a song of heaven,
 While streams of living comfort roll.
 Adieu to every earthly toy,
 For nobler objects I am bound ;
 Since not one single drop of joy,
 I ever yet from earth have found.
- 2 Its brightest beauties fade away,
 Its richest jewels are but dross ;

Its honors scarcely live a day,
 And every gain has proved a loss.
 But there's an honor that will live,
 A gem that never will decay;
 There is a gain that can't deceive,
 A beauty fading not away.

3 This priceless boon I humbly claim,
 This speechless joy of sins forgiven,
 The love of God, that, like a flame,
 Burns on and lights the soul to heaven.
 By faith I have this treasure found,
 And gaze with wonder and surprise,
 While in this dark, enchanted ground,
 "The day-spring opens" from the skies.

4 My home is in the distance seen,
 And gales come soft from Canaan's shore.
 Though dark the wilderness between,
 My hopes are bright of passing o'er.
 Oh, happiness! no transient dream!
 For glory's open'd in my soul;
 And love divine shall be my theme,
 Long as eternal ages roll.

58 4 lines 11s.—*Oh! who would remain.**

BUNYAN.

I'M happy, I'm happy! Oh wondrous ac-
 count!

My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount.
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

2 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 58.

Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
song :

Thy love doth inspire my heart and my
tongue.

3 Oh, who is like Jesus ! he's Salem's bright
King ;

He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to
sing ;

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his
will,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

59

C. M.

MRS. M. H. WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :

Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see :

Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my heart shall fill ;

Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee.

60

4 lines 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of th.
 Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee—oh! be not dis-
 mayed,

For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
 to go,

The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine

- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
 prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
 borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
 shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

61

8, 8, 6.—*Malvern*.*

THE HAPPY FEW.—W. Z.

- HOW happy are the favored few,
 Who live below as angels do
 In blissful bowers above!
 Serenely calm, with sweet content,
 Their days, like days in heaven, are spent
 In holiness and love.
- 2 Say, what to them is pleasure's voice?
 Or glory's flame? or wealth's gay toys?
 Or all earth boasts besides?
 This world is but their pilgrim rest;
 And onward to their home they haste,
 Where Christ their Lord abides.
- 3 The ills that o'er their pathway cross,
 Disease, and poverty, and loss,
 Are servants in disguise;
 Who aid them in the holy strife,
 To seize the crown of endless life:—
 Bright heaven's enduring prize.

- 4 How peaceful their communings are,
 Who thus, with Christ, their Saviour, share
 The Father's boundless grace!
 Assured of his unfailing love,
 Their hopes, their joys are all above—
 In heaven their native place.
- 5 Let storm on storm in angry mood,
 And earthquake dire, and flame and flood,
 In all their fury rise:
 Their steady hearts shall know no fear,
 For lo! their Father, God, is near,
 Who rules both earth and skies.
- 6 Oh! let me with that radiant band
 Unite my trembling heart and hand;
 Nor thence again be riven:
 In life, in death, oh! let me be
 One of that goodly company,
 And shine with them in heaven.

62

4 lines 11s.—*Sweet Home.*

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade
 away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;

But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are
given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
charms!

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
Oh, there may I feast with his children at
home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me, to heaven my home!

4 Farewell vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view:
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Oh, when shall I share the fruition of home?

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh, there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;

74 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

63

L. M.

“I KNOW that my Redeemer lives.”

What comfort this sweet sentence
gives;

He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply;
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there!

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
Oh, the sweet joy that sentence gives,
“I know that my Redeemer lives.”

64

8, 8, 6.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.—W. H.

MY hope hath found a resting-place,
In Jesus' blood, in God's free grace,
My only hope of heaven:
The right to enter safe therein,
My God, who pardons all my sin,
To me hath freely given.

2 Lord, whose hath this gift divine,
His portion hath with thee and thine,
A gift surpassing thought;
And in his heart, by faith made pure,
Are love, and peace, and pardon sure,
By thy good Spirit wrought.

3 Thy word, the word of saving grace,
When we by hearty faith embrace,
Divinely works our peace:
It comforts in affliction's hour;
In times of peril gives us power,
And sweetens all our bliss.

4 Preserve in me, O gracious Lord,
Full faith in all thy holy word,
According to thy will;
Oh, be thy truth my light, my stay,
And sanctify me day by day,
And with thy comforts fill.

65

C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

76 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

66 4 8s and 2 6s.—*The Happy Few*.*

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before:
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth;
Tell me no more of ease and health;
For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
But see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me designed,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome
bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord;

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 146.

I'd sit alone from day to day,
And urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

67

7s.—*Latest Call.**

COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one:
All that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness, flowing like a stream,
From the New Jerusalem,
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

68

L. M.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and wo
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
 While thou art near in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from thee!—'tis death—'tis more!
 'Tis endless ruin!—deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine!

69

*Oh, how can I forget.**

THE PRODIGAL RETURNED.—W. H.

OH, how can I forget the hour,
 When love divine I found!
 The place was filled with sacred power,
 And glory beamed around!
 My soul, relieved from sorrow's load,
 From guilty bondage free,
 Adored with joy the pardoning God,
 That showed such love to me!

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 62.

- 2 For me the earth and skies rejoiced,
 That I no more was sad;
 The thirsty land with dew was moist,
 The wilderness was glad:
 The scenes of nature, then how bright!
 My eyes rejoiced to view;
 I praised the Lord with warm delight,
 And thought they praised him too.
- 3 My darkness then to light gave place,
 My guilt to pardon free;
 My rags of sin to robes of grace,
 My bonds to liberty:
 I toiled no more a wandering child,
 In slavish base employ;
 But safe at home, my Father smiled
 And feasted me with joy.
- 4 Nor did I then that bliss confine
 Within my bounding breast:
 The friends who poured their tears with
 mine
 Were sharers in the feast;
 And angels, on their watchful posts,
 With gladness hasted round,
 To tell to all the heavenly hosts,
 "The long-lost child is found."

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree!
 Each in his proper station move,
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil, through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blessed his feet

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

71

4 8s and 2 6s.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world, and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love, with all our powers,
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with heart sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

2 But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In lab'rins of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

- 4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious Spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace;
 And strong in undissembling love,
 Boldly assert and clearly prove
 Their hearts his dwelling-place.

72

4 lines 11s.—*Sweet Home.*

HOW sad are the moments when wander-
 ing from God,
 And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
 But light is the pathway which leads to the
 tomb,
 When cheered by the presence of Jesus, my
 home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

When cheered by the presence of Jesus, my home.

- 2 Though fading the joys which earth can
 bestow,
 And false is the light which illumines us below,
 Though sorrows, like clouds, hang around us
 in gloom,
 The beams of his love light me on my way
 home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

The beams of his love light me on my way home.

- 3 When the tempest of life has sunk to repose,
 And death shall the beauties of heaven dis-
 close,
 With all the redeemed I o'er it will roam,
 And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.

73 6 lines 7s and 6s.—*Missionary*.*

YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crowned,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at an humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal glowing,
With such enlivening grace,
I viewed the Saviour's image
Impressed on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 97.

Take courage, brother pilgrims,
You soon shall win the prize.

- 5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumbrous clay.
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

- 6 On that important morning,
When roaring thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo! you're redeemed forever
From death's corrupted bands.

- 7 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet, immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill.
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promised land.

- 8 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round;
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound:
While all the heavenly harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng

74

C. M.

COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

75

C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
 When those that love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flows ;
 When union sweet, and dear esteem
 In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

76

4 lines 8s.—*Crown of Hope.**

HOW sweet is the cordial of love !
 A balm to the sorrowful soul ;
 It flows from the Fountain above,
 And makes the disconsolate whole.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 145.

- 2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus' blood!
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God!
- 2 This heavenly sweetness below
Is common to all that believe:
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.
- 4 When striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford;
They look to the haven before,
And follow their Captain and Lord.
- 5 Their joys, that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above:
Their labor below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.
- 6 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Saviour below
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

77

3 8s and 2 7s.

WHEN tossed on error's stormy tide,
From doubt to darkness driven,
'Twas thine my wandering thoughts to
guide,
And bid the world no more divide,
My erring heart from heaven.

- 2 As more to fancy's 'wildering song,
That heart's applause was given;
To charm it from the joyless throng,
The warning seemed to breathe along,
The holy lyre of heaven.

- 3 But though the warning voice was sweet
 As the last sight of even,
 My soul within its dark retreat
 Reluctant shrank, and feared to meet
 A messenger from heaven.
- 4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul
 By mercy's hand was riven;
 I saw the clouds asunder roll,
 And truth, unerring as the pole,
 Allured me back to heaven.
- 5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
 While life and strength are given;
 With feelings those alone can know
 Whom thou hast led to seek below,
 The blissful hope of heaven.

78

8 lines 9s and 8s, and 1 10.

REVISED BY W. H.

- R**ELIGION is a glorious treasure,
 Diffusion of the Saviour's love;
 The Spirit's comfort without measure;
 It joins our souls to those above;
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows—
 It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 2 While journeying here through tribulations,
 In phalanx firm we'll march along:
 Contentions may divide the nations,
 But Christ shall be our common song—
 For pure religion knits together—
 It binds in love, but makes us free:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!
 This world, with all its pomp and show;
 Its mighty names, renowned in story—
 We'll gladly leave them all below.
 A brighter object now enraptures—
 In Christ alone we beauties see:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 4 Our earthly house is fast dissolving,
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;
 The cares within us now revolving,
 Will soon afflict our hearts no more;
 But pure religion lasts forever;
 In death our souls shall strengthened be;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

79

3 7s and 2 6s.—*Petition.**

SOCIAL MEETING.

- DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah,
 In our social meeting;
 In this propitious hour,
 Oh, may we feel thy power
 In this social meeting.
- 2 Draw nigh to us, blessed Jesus,
 In our social meeting;
 Oh, may we find thy favor,
 Thou ever blessed Saviour,
 In this social meeting.
- 3 Draw nigh to us, blessed Spirit,
 In our social meeting;
 Convince, and renovate us—
 Anew in Christ create us,
 In this social meeting.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 37

80

8 lines 8s.—*Lambeth.*

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load :
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply,
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour ! for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold :
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
While harassed and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
“The Lord has forsaken thee quite :
Thy God will be gracious no more.”

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower,
Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

81

L. M.—*Portugal.*

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
 Fain would my longing passions meet,
 The glories of thy presence there.

2 Oh! blessed the men, blessed their employ,
 Whom thy indulgent favors raise
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
 With ardent love and zeal inspires;
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state;
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.

DESCRIBING CHRIST.

82

8 lines 11s and 8s.—*Light Street.*

FIRST PART.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call—
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all—
 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
 sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love?
 For why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?

- 2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he has gone?
- 3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks—and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

83

8 lines 11s and 8s.—*Davis.*

SECOND PART.

HIS vestment of righteousness, who shall describe?

Its purity words would defile:

The heavens from his presence fresh beauties imbibe,

And earth is made rich by his smile.

Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,

When pleased he looks down from above,

Like the morn when he breathes from the chambers of light,

And comforts his people with love.

2 But when armed with vengeance, in terror he comes,

The nations rebellious to tame,

The reins of omnipotent power he assumes,

And rides in a chariot of flame.

A two-edged sword from his mouth issues forth,

Bright quivers of fire are his eyes:

He speaks, and black tempests are seen in the north,

And storms from their caverns arise.

8 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his word,

And ride on the wings of his breath,

Fly swift as the wind at the nod of their Lord,

And deal out the arrows of death.

His cloud-bursting thunders their voices resound

Through all the vast regions on high;

Till from the deep center loud echoes rebound,

And meet the quick flame in the sky.

4 The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,
 And expand ere his banner appear;
 Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains
 give way,
 And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
 When he treads on the clouds, as the dust of
 his feet,
 And grasps the big storm in his hand,
 What eye the fierce glance of his anger shall
 meet,
 Or who in his presence shall stand?

84

4 lines 11s.—*Geard.*

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
 stream
 Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's
 pale beam
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently
 stray,
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his
 head!
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his
 bed!
 The angels astonished grew sad at the sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn de-
 light.
 3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored
 spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-
 got!
 The theme most transporting to seraphs
 above,
 The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow
at his feet!

Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,

And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

85

6 7s and 2 6s.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my returned vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven is heightened by the theme.

8 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we, too, the holy lays,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus flow along.

86

9, 7, 14, 9.

SAW ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour!
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and
 me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended! he was extended!
 Shamefully nailed to the cross;
 Oh! he bowed his head and died: thus my
 Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
 Three dreadful hours in pain;
 Oh! the sun refused to shine when his ma-
 jesty divine
 Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land;
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent, through crea-
 tion's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,
 And the atonement was made,

He was taken by the great, and embalmed in
 spices sweet,
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Sa-
 viour!

Prince and the author of peace;
 Oh! he burst the bands of death, and triumph-
 ant from the earth,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live;
 Crying, Father, I have died (oh, behold my
 hands and side)
 To redeem them—I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
 If they will repent and believe;
 Let them now return to me, and be recon-
 ciled to thee,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

87

4 8s and 2 7s.

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
 See him gasping, hear him crying;
 See his burdened bosom heave;
 Look, ye sinners, you that hung him,
 Look how deep your sins have stung him
 Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
 Earth unto her center shaking;
 Nature's groans awake the dead,
 Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
 While the legal peals of thunder
 Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

- 3 Heaven's bright, melodious legions,
 Chanting through the tuneful regions,
 Cease to thrill the quivering string,
 Songs seraphic all suspended,
 Till the mighty war was ended
 By the all-victorious King.
- 4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
 Vanquished by the King Eternal,
 When he poured the vital flood;
 By his groans, which shook creation,
 Lo! we found a proclamation:
 Peace and pardon by his blood.
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
 Fill with songs the wide creation—
 He is risen from the grave:
 Shout with joyful acclamation,
 To the Rock of your salvation,
 Who alone has power to save.
- 6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
 Overcoming all temptation,
 Till the glorious jubilee;
 He will come with bursts of thunder.
 Then shall we adore and wonder,
 Singing on the highest key.

88

C. M.

GOD-MAN.—W. H.

HAIL, hidden mystery of grace!
 Hail, heaven-developed plan!
 Th' immortal Author of our race,
 Becomes a mortal man!

- 2 He seeks these hostile shores beneath,
 Exiled from friends above,

That, dying, he might save from death,
The scorers of his love.

3 A servant's humble form he wears,
Obscuring the divine;
In human likeness he appears,
That we in his might shine.

4 A life of poverty and woes,
A shameful death was his;
That he might lavish on his foes
A life of glorious bliss.

6 To bear my load of sin, and me,
The Son of God was given:—
My sins he bore to Calvary,
Myself he bears to heaven.

6 The Lord of life in death's deep gloom,
A slaughtered captive, fell:
The slaughtered captive burst the tomb,
And vanquished death and hell.

7 A God—he weeps as man with men,
And bows himself in prayer;
A man—he mounts to heaven, and reigns
Jehovah's Fellow there.

8 Exalted to th' eternal throne,
Who bought us with his blood,
He makes the Godhead all our own,
He makes us One with God.

89

8 lines 7s and 6s.—*Romain.*

MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong.
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be feared,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obeyed, revered;
 For he shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget;
 And never bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
 And bade us pardon find?

CHORUS.

*Our sorrows and our sins were laid
 On thee—alone on thee;
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid;
 Thine all the glory be.*

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
 Thy fasting and thy prayer;
 Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
 To save us from despair.
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget;
 Thy struggling agony—
 When night lay dark on Olivet,
 And none to watch with thee?
- 4 Can we the plaited crown forget,
 The buffeting and shame,
 When hell thy sinking soul beset,
 And earth reviled thy name?
- 5 The nails—the spear—can we forget;
 The agonizing cry—
 “My God! my Father! wilt thou let
 Thy Son forsaken die?”
- 6 Life’s brightest joys we may forget—
 Our kindred cease to love;
 But He who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.

91

Precious Bible.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His love beyond a brother’s,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love!

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God:

It was boundless love to bleed ;
Jesus is a Friend indeed.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 "Friend of sinners," was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
We, alas ! forget, too often,
 What a Friend we have above :
When to heaven our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

92

Harwich.

CHRIST OUR SURETY.

- ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is :
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
 away :
 He dies to atone
 For sins not his own,
The Father afflicted for you his dear Son.
- 3 For sinners like me,
 He died on the tree ;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free ;

My pardon I claim,
 A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 He purchased the grace
 Which now I embrace;
O Father! thou knowest he died in my
 place:
 His death is my plea—
 My Advocate see—
And hear the blood speak that has answered
 for me.

5 With joy we approve!
 The plan of his love;
A wonder to all, both below and above:
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore

7s.

93

MESSIAH.

WHO is it that comes from far,
 Clad in garments dipped in blood?
 Strong triumphant traveler,
 Is he man, or is he God?

2 "I that speak in righteousness,
 Son of God and man I am;
Mighty to redeem your race,
 Jesus is your Saviour's name."

2 Wherefore are thy garments red,
 Dyed as in a crimson sea?
 They that in a wine-vat tread,
 Are not stained so much as thee.

- 4 "I, the Father's favorite Son,
Have the dreadful winepress trod;
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God."
-

PRAISE.

94

S. M.—*Cranbrook.*

- GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

95

C. M.

- SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son:
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

96

C. M.—*Coronation.*

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

97

4 7s.—*Redeeming Love.*

- NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud to Jesus' name!
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears;
 Banish all your guilty fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
 Welcome to his sacred rest:
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

98

L. M.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

KIRK WHITE.

- WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God, the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark,
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a Star arose—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

99

C. M.—*Harmony Grove*

WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies;
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

100

C. M.—*Baltimore.*

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign grace,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome, each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Nor many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

101

S. M.—*Concord.*

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

102 L. M.—*Loving-kindness*.*

- A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
He, justly, claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 Although I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
And though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 98.

- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To brighter worlds of endless day,
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

103

C. M.—*Pisgah.*

- O H, for a shout of sacred joy
 To God, the sovereign King!
 Let every land its tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honors sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns

104

4 6s and 2 8s.—*Carmarthen.*

- GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord;
 The sovereign King of kings;
 And be his grace adored.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 And ever sure abides thy word.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
 What wonders hath he done!
 He formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 His power and grace are still the same;
 And let his name have endless praise.

- 8 He saw the nations lie,
 All perishing in sin,
 And pitied the sad state
 The ruined world was in.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 And ever sure abides thy word.
- 4 He sent his holy Son
 To save us from our wo,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe.
 His power and grace are still the same;
 And let his name have endless praise.

105

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 2 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled,
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

106

4 6s and 2 8s.—*Dunstable.*

A WAKE thy song, O earth!
For God hath heard thy cry:
A glorious day hath birth,
Its star is in the sky;
Though long thy night, and deep its gloom,
Arise! arise! thy light has come.

2 Amid the storm of wrath,
When ruin's deluge reigned,
He saw the direful death,
And bade the ruin end.
Deliverance came, the ark was reared,
And o'er the flood the bow appeared.

3 What though thy foe be strong,
And "*legion*" his dread name—
Though of the wrathful throng
He bears the loftiest fame?
Thy help descends from yonder throne,
And victory is the Lord's alone.

4 'Twas God who saw thy fears,
Who heard thy thousandth sigh,
When thou, abased in tears,
Scarce hoped that help was nigh;
He dashed the cup that hell had given,
And showered the crystal stream of heaven.

5 Thine, Lord, is all the power,
 Far may thy conquests spread,
 The demon reigns no more
 When thou shalt bruise his head.
 The world, renewed, to thee shall come—
 The earth rejoice in Eden's bloom.

107 4 lines 7s.—*The Lord is risen.**

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born,
 Songs of praise arose, when he,
 Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth,
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No—the church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 121.

- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

108

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art my precious soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE AND WARFARE

109

8 lines 7s and 5s.

O H, when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's voice I hear;
 He gives me all my orders,
 And tells me not to fear;
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly:—
 I'll fly from sin and sorrow,
 And bid them both adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way;
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.

Gird on the heavenly armor,
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 And when the war is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

110

C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
 My every pleasant sweet :"
 "Hinder me not," my soul replies,
 "Because the way is great."

8 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
 "Or force shall thee detain :"
 "Hinder me not, I will be gone,
 My God hath broke thy chain."

4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

- 5 Through duty, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 "Hinder me not," come welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

111

8 lines 7s and 8s.

- THERE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll:
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to land my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.
- 2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
 Oh, come along, poor sinner—
 And see Immanuel's happy land!
 To all that stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a last farewell!
 Oh, come, or you'll repent it
 When you shall reach the gates of hell
- 3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before:
 Oh, how I stand and tremble,
 To hear the dismal waters roar!
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there;
 From sinking down to darkness,
 The doleful regions of despair?

- 4 The waves shall not affright me,
 Although they're deeper than the grave.
 If Jesus will stand by me,
 I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
 His word has calmed the ocean;
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
 Oh, may this friend be with me,
 When through the gates of death I sail

Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low!
 I soon shall reach that region,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Now Christians I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here:
 Through grace I soon shall meet you:
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.

- 6 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll:
 Then I shall see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransom'd people home.

112

L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,

12 We but strive, and watch, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's mount we stand,
And view, by faith, the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
Remember, glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gained the day
By marching in the good old way.

113 8 lines 7s and 6s.—*Amsterdam.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 Thus a soul new-born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant through the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

114

4 lines 8s and 7s.—*Pilgrim.*

THE FEMALE PILGRIM.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

*I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!*

- 2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
 Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
 While I'm blessed with such a guide.
I'm bound, &c.
- 3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
 Hence, for thee my fears arise,

If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

I'm bound, &c.

- 4 Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.

I'm bound, &c.

- 5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee!
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

I'm bound, &c.

- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

I'm bound, &c.

- 7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stream she plunged from sight:
Gazing still I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.

Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,

Will you follow her to glory?

Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

115 4 8s and 2 6s.—*The Happy Few.**

COME, brethren dear, who know the
Lord,

And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 43.

Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
The fountain ne'er runs dry.

3 Oh, when we once shall dwell above,
Around the dazzling throne of love,
Where heavenly glory beams ;
Jesus will lead his people through
The groves of bliss forever new—
Watered with living streams.

4 Triumphantly we there shall sing
The conquests of our Saviour king—
When all his saints get home :
Come, hasten on my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there :
For Jesus bids us come.

5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
When all our toils are o'er ;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

116

8 lines 7s and 9s.

REVISED BY W. H.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
The gospel trumpet now is blowing ;
Men in order 'listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing !

Bounty's offered—joy and peace—
To every soldier this is given ;
When from toil and war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And feel the hand of sore oppression,
Have their debts all freely paid,
And share at once a rich possession :
Let the sick, the blind, the dumb !
Leave all their maladies behind them !
Rebel outlaws, when they come,
Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind
them.

3 Victory is not to the strong ;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder ;
None so aged, none so young,
But he may 'list and be a soldier :
Those who cannot fight or fly—
Beneath this banner find protection ;
None who on his name rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4 Fear ye not, the cause is good ;
Come—who will to the crown aspire :
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause we'll follow on ;
And soon we'll tell the wonderful story,
How, by faith, we won the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 Lo, the battle is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion !
Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp by faith their future portion .

Hark! the victors sing aloud;
 Immanuel's chariot wheels are rolling;
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's throne like lightning falling.

- 6 Now, ye rebels, come, enlist,
 The officers are still recruiting;
 Will you still in sin persist,
 And spend your time in vain disputing?
 All your caviling is in vain;
 And if you do not sue for favor,
 Down you'll sink to endless pain,
 To bear the wrath of God forever.

117

PILGRIM STRANGER.

"For I have been a stranger in a strange land."

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night:
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
*I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.*

- 2 Of that temple to which I am going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 Within a country unknown and dreary,
 I've been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
 There is no sorrow or any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

- 4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest;
There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.

I am a pilgrim, &c.

- 5 If we are holy, we shall meet there
And we never, and we never more shall
part;
But with angels and spirits holy,
We will join with the meek and lowly.
*Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
Now an angel, and a blessed child of light.*

118

L. M.

THERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh, hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend!*

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein;
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
But Jesus, &c.

- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

- 4 Thro' glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears ;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him that died for me.

But Jesus, &c.

- 5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustain'd my load ;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he passed this way.

But Jesus, &c.

- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still ;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

But Jesus, &c.

- 7 Then, O my soul, arise and sing ;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King !
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, " Press on, and take the crown."

But Jesus, &c.

- 8 " Prove faithful, then, a few more days ;
Fight the good fight, and win the race ;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

But Jesus, &c.

- 9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

But Jesus, &c.

119

4 lines 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness,

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-star of gladness ;

Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier far :

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them :

How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war !

3 Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath saved thee

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be :

Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,

The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

120

6 7s and 2 6s.—*Millennial Dawn*.*

SOLDIER of the cross, arise !

Lo ! your leader from the skies

Waves before you glory's prize,

The prize of victory.

Seize your armor, gird it on ;

Fight until the battle's won ;

Soon the conflict will be done,

Then struggle manfully.

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 102.

- 2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though your enemies appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strengthened shield is near
We cannot lose our cause.
- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod,
Follow where your leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Soon you'll join that glorious train,
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

121

C. M.

- OH, for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair;
Oh, guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

122 4 lines 7s.—*Latest Call.**

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
 There, till mercy let thee in,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
 Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
 Watch—till heavenly light appear;
 Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim! what for thee
 In this world can now remain?
 Seek that world from which shall flee
 Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall forever fly;
 Shame shall never enter there;
 Tears be wiped from every eye;
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

123 L. M.

"WE'VE no abiding city here"—
 This may distress the worldly mind;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

1 "We've no abiding city here"—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home:
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here"—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 130.

Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there—
It shines with everlasting light.

124 4 6s and 2 8s.—*God is our King.**

- BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low;
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

* Minstrel of Zion. p. 91.

- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side !
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend
Will help his servant to the end.

125 8 7s.—*Mary at the Tomb.**

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end :
Forward, then, with courage go ;
Long we shall not dwell below :
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home !"

- 2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart :
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be :
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home !"

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
Nor betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within :
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these :
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home !"

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 66.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

126

C. M. D.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise :
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death :
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die :
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
- 4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned ;
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 And hear his trumpet sound :

Oh, that we now might grasp our guide!
Oh, that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

127 8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Interrogation.**

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To convey my spirit home:
Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side,
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme;
See! they whisper; hark! they call me,
Sister spirit come away!
Lo! I come! earth can't contain me:
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

8 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore ye;
I'll enjoy you soon on high:
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest brightest grace.

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 40.

- 4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
 Seraphs lend your glittering wings;
 Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
 Heavenly sound around me rings:
 Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
 Now, methinks, appears in view:
 Sinners, could ye see my Jesus,
 You would love and serve him too.

128

C. M.

- HOW peaceful is the closing scene,
 When virtue yields its breath;
 How sweetly beams the smile serene
 Upon the cheek of death!
- 2 The Christian's heart no fear can blight,
 No pain his peace destroy;
 He views, beyond the realms of light,
 A pure and boundless joy.
- 3 Oh, who can gaze with heedless sight,
 On scenes so fair as this?
 Who but exclaims—"Thus let *me* die,
 And be my end like his?"

129

L. M.

- THOUGH born to suffer and to die;—
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to New Jerusalem.
- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 I hope to praise him after death,
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.

- 3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

130

*Vain World, Adieu.**

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 177.

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore:
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 Glory to God.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight?
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend, your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

132 8 7s and 6s.—*There is a holy city.**

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white;
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 That is no world of trouble;
The God of peace is there;
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Long time was I invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be blest;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay:
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 127.

- 5 But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find;
 'To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind:
 In guilt's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roam;
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransomed home.
- 6 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know:
 In every day of trouble,
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;
 I'll think of that bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

- B**EHOLD the Pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view;
 To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu;
 While friends are weeping all around,
 And loth to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below:
- 2 "My fellow-pilgrims, I must haste
 Across the swelling flood,
 On Canaan's happy shore to meet
 My Saviour and my God:
 The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 And feast on Jesus' love.

- 8 "Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
And meet your brother there;
Although ye tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear:
Press on, press on, ye pilgrim souls,
And keep your crown in view;
And till you reach the land of rest,
Ye pilgrim souls, adieu."

134

C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heavén be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence!
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

135

3 8s and 2 7s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose—in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.
- 4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempests passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There joys divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

136

C. M.

BY faith we view fair Canaan's coast,
 Beyond the swelling flood ;
 There we behold a shining host,
 An army bought with blood.

- 2 They once with troubles were oppressed;
Like us they suffered here;
But Jesus Christ has made them blessed,
And wiped off every tear.
- 3 With joy they crossed the mighty stream,
On which their souls were tossed;
They've reached the new Jerusalem,
Where faith in sight is lost.
- 4 If faithful, we expect, ere long
To reach that happy place;
To mingle with the blood-washed throng,
And shout redeeming grace.

137

C. M.

- HEAVEN is a place of endless rest,
Where saints and angels shine;
They are with Christ, in glory blest,
Their joys are all divine.
- 2 The saints through tribulation passed
Before they reached the shore;
But they obtained the prize at last,
And now their toils are o'er.
- 3 Nor grief, nor pain, nor doubts, nor fears,
Can reach that world above;
Christ Jesus wipes away their tears,
And fills their hearts with love.
- 4 They neither thirst nor hunger more;
Their wants are all supplied;
Oh! that we all might reach the shore,
And there with Christ abide.
- 5 Oh! may we on his throne sit down,
And hear him say, "Well done!
Receive the blood-bought, starry crown,
Which you through faith have won."

138

C. M.

- J**ERUSALEM! my happy home;
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

139 11s and 12s.—*Oh, who would remain ?**

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way ;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within,
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the
tomb,

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Oh ! who would live alway, away from his
God ;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

5 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul !

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 58.

140

C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
 Lie just before mine eye;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly:
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind;
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
 And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting;
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing;
 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
 And will not let them go;
 I'm so delighted with his charms,
 No other good I'll know.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er,
 I hope to join the heavenly host,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea;
 This glorious hope of endless rest
 Is now transporting me.

141

C. M.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!

- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thy embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
- 4 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' Eternal All.
- 5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.
- 6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
While thus I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

142 8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Zion Comforted*.*

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure-vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To his splendid troops on high.
Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
At his feet they prostrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Christ is all in all.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 163.

2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancied heaven below,
 And see Jesus' glory beaming,
 How our souls would long to go!
 We in him our rest regaining,
 All its blessedness should prove;
 O'er our foes victorious reigning,
 Perfected in spotless love.

3 We should for his day be waiting;
 When the full reward is given;
 When the glorious work's completed,
 Jesus takes his church to heaven.
 Pure from every stain of nature,
 There in holiness to shine;
 Moulded like its great Creator,
 All immortal, all divine.

143

4 5s and 2 11s.

'TIS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in this valley of sorrows we move;
 'Twill be pleasanter still
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Saviour, our Master
 above.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On thy bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to
 thine,
 While born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
 We shortly shall stand,
 With crowns on our heads, and with harps
 in our hands;
 Our harps shall be tuned,
 The Lamb shall be crowned,
 Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall re-
 sound.

144

"ALL IS WELL."*

WHAT'S this that steals upon my frame?
 Is it death? is it death?
 That soon will quench this vital flame?
 Is it death? is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free;
 I shall the King of glory see:
 All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, weep not for me,
 All is well, all is well,
 My sins are pardoned, I am free,
 All is well, all is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
 I soon shall mount the upper skies:
 All is well, all is well.

8 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
 All is well, all is well,
 I will rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well, all is well.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 17.

Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home;
 All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well,
 I soon shall see his face in glory;
 All is well, all is well.
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view;
 All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, ye blood-wash'd throng
 Saved by grace, saved by grace,
 I come to join your rapturous song,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace;
 All, all is peace and joy divine,
 And heaven and glory now are mine;
 Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb,
 All is well, all is well.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead, awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are

Make ready for your full reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 8 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye who have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love :
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne :
Called to partake the marriage-feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live :
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear :
May we be watching found !
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

146

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that
sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless
frame—
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is
flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazz'ling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty, clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not
seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless
sheen,
Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just—and its name is
heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

147

Carrier Dove.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BLESSED.—F. E. PITTS.

"O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly
away and be at rest."—Ps. lv. 6.

FLY away to thy long-sought home on
high!

Fly away to thy promised shore!

Where the Eden fields in glory lie,

And the humble shall weep no more.

I long have thought on your scenes sublime,

And dreamed of your temple of light;

I have wept while I mused on your sunlit
clime,

Borne on with ecstatic delight.

2 Fly away to the living streams of joy!

Fly away to the garden of love!

Where the tempter again shall never destroy,

Nor mar the bright beauties above;

But awhile I must stay in my prison of clay,

Or roam on this desolate shore;

I must wait for the dawn of the opening
day,

When death and the curse are no more.

3 I must wait for the word of the Prince of
Peace;

I must wait for the guardian bands;

I must wait till the message brings release,

That's signed by Immanuel's hands.

Then away from this desert, with joy I'll
rise;

Then away from my prison I'll fly;

My pinion I'll dip in the clear bright skies,

And fly away to my home on high.

148

C. M.

LONGING FOR HOME.

- O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come,
 When shall I lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful sheltering dome,
 This world's a wilderness of wo,
 This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I should at once have quit this field,
 Where foes with fury foam;
 But ah! my passport was not sealed—
 I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb;
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

149

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

O H, sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die!
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

150

L. M.—*Loving kindness*.*

THE HEAVENLY MANSION.

THE heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor death nor sighing visit there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 93.

- When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion, still I sing.
- 5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for *me*.

151

4 lls.—“*Oh, turn ye!*”

THERE IS REST IN HEAVEN.

- M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur at trials
severe?
Be tranquil my spirit, the worst that ~~can~~
come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me
home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And staying my hopes in a region like this
I look for a city not builded with hands,
And its glorious temple eternally stands.

3 Afflictions may try me—they cannot destroy ;

One vision of home turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tears that flow from mine eyes

But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

4 Let trouble and danger my progress oppose ;

They can only make heaven more bright at the close :

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,

One moment in glory will make up for all.

5 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,

I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,

And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

152

THE NEW JERUSALEM.—*W. H.

JERUSALEM! thy mansions fair,
Ignoble souls may never share ;
For all who walk thy streets of gold,
Are in the book of life enrolled.

2 Whoso from earth would thither go,
Must wash his robes as white as snow ;
In Jesus' blood, the fount of grace,
Find pure, unspotted righteousness.

- 3 O Lamb of God, my heart prepare,
To enter with the holy there;
Within thy book my name enroll,
And write thine own upon my soul.
- 4 To him that loves and trusts the Lord,
And keeps with patient hope his word,
The Spirit with his spirit bears
Sweet witness to his answered prayers
- 5 Whoever has this seal of love,
His title reads to seats above;
And looking upward as he runs,
The soil of sinful pleasure shuns.
- 6 Jesus, fulfil my long desire,
To stand with thee in pure attire,
And find at last a place and name,
Within the new Jerusalem.

- H**OW blessed the place where Jesus is!
The fountain-head of life and bliss;
Celestial bands! assist my flight,
And bear me to those realms of light.
On high, above yon vault of blue,
That happier land appears in view;
Oh, were I once from earth away!
Through all its blissful groves to stray.
- 2 Those blissful groves, so green and fair,
Perennial fruit and blossoms bear;
And angel forms, of various grade,
Enjoy their ever-peaceful shade.
The seraph tall, with ardor bright,
Beloved among the sons of light,
And cherub grave, of thoughtful mein,
Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.

- 3 But oh, to my fond heart more dear,
 Those whom I loved and cherished here,
 In white and spotless robes, I see,
 From pain and death forever free.
 Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
 The triumphs of their Saviour King;
 And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream
 Are vocal with the joyful theme.
- 4 When, through the strength of saving grace,
 I finish my appointed race,
 On that immortal, brighter plain,
 I'll meet those kindred souls again.
 Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
 Till God shall wipe these falling tears,
 And bid my exiled spirit come,
 To dwell in that eternal home.

*Father-land.**

154

MY FATHER-LAND.—W. H.

THERE is a place where my hopes are
 stayed,
 My heart and my treasure are there:
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

*That blissful place is my father-land;
 By faith its delights I explore:
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.†*

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 92.

† Oh, when shall I join the angel band,
 That sing on the other shore?

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
 But there is the palace of God!

Chorus

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshipped with me;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.

Chorus.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

Chorus.

155

Father-land.

W. H.

CHORUS.

*I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
 The house and the city above;
 And all who forsake their sins may come,
 And dwell in that city of love.*

I SEEK a place which is out of sight;—
 A city high up in the skies;
 There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
 And homeward my spirit still hies.

Chorus.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh;—
 Where sorrow can never be known:
 But where I shall drink from founts of joy
 That gush ever bright from the throne.

Chorus.

3 I seek a place where they never die;—
 Where beauty and youth never fade;
 Where never is heard the mournful cry
 "My friend, my belovéd is dead."

Chorus.

4 I seek a place where they sin no more;—
 Where Satan my foe cannot lure:
 And oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
 My soul is forever secure.

Chorus.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
 Apostles and martyrs and seers;
 Encircled in robes of light divine,
 Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.

Chorus.

6 I seek a place, where the Saviour reigns,
 That Jesus once nailed to the tree,
 He purchased that place with blood and pains,
 And went to prepare it for me.

Chorus.

156

EDEN IS MY HOME.—J. N. MAFFITT.

OH, I have roamed through many lands,
 A stranger to delight;
 Nor friendship's hopes nor love's sweet smiles
 Could make my pathway bright,
 Till on the sky a Star arose,
 And lit night's sable dome,
 Oh! steer my bark by that sweet Star,
 For Eden is my home.

2 Oh! Eden is my place of rest!
 I long to reach its shore,
 To shake these troubles from my breast,
 And weep and sigh no more.

To that fair land my spirit flies,
 And angels bid me come!
 Oh! steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,
 For Eden is my home!

- 8 Oh! take me from this world of wo,
 To my sweet home above,
 Where tears of sorrow never flow,
 And all the air is love.
 My sister spirits wait for me,
 And Jesus bids me come:
 Oh! steer my bark to that bright land,
 For Eden is my home.

- THERE is a land, surpassing fair,
 By holy pleasure owned;
 Nor hate nor strife approaches there,
 For love is there enthroned.
- 2 Nor hearts are there to gloom a prey,
 Nor sorrows e'er annoy;
 The darkness yields to shining day,
 And pain to perfect joy.
- 3 No lamentations there are known;
 But songs alone are heard;
 Nor lust of power itself has shown,
 Nor envy ever stirred.
- 4 Sweet gratulations there abound;
 Each welcomes each to heaven;
 Their better portions all have found,
 Their griefless mansions given.
- 5 God's glowing glories all adorn,
 With bliss-inspiring rays;
 And blooms one endless vernal morn,
 Hallowed with endless praise.

- 6 The pilgrim, worn with toil below,
This holy rest attains,
And changes then his notes of wo,
To heaven's enchanting strains.
- 7 Oh when, delightful land of God,
Shall I thy plains survey;
How long, full weary on the road,
Must I the sight delay!
- 8 Glad would I yield each earthly toy—
Lay off my fleshy load—
And fly to thee, my rest, my joy,
Delightful land of God.

158

THE LAND IMMORTAL.—THOMAS MACKELLAR.

- THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands,
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door,
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.
- 2 That glorious land is heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord thereof hath given
The opening keys to him;
And ransomed spirits sighing,
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gates in dying,
And freely enter in.
- 3 Though dark and drear the passage,
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait,

And at the time appointed,
 A messenger comes down,
 And guides the Lord's anointed
 From cross to glory's crown.

- 4 Their sighs are lost in singing,
 They're blessed in their tears;
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave on earth their fears;
 Death, like an angel seeming,
 "We welcome thee," they cry;
 Their face with glory gleaming,
 'Tis life for them to die.

159

5 6s and 1 7.

OUR bondage here shall end,
 By and by—by and by;
 Our griefs shall vanish then,
 With our threescore years and ten,
 And bright glory crown the day
 By and by—by and by.

- 2 When our Deliverer comes,
 By and by—by and by,
 From Egypt's yoke set free,
 We will hail the jubilee,
 And to Canaan all return
 By and by—by and by.
- 3 Though strong our foes appear,
 We'll go on—we'll go on;
 Our hearts shall know no fear,
 For Israel's God is near:—
 While the fiery pillar moves
 We'll go on—we'll go on.

- 4 By Marah's bitter streams
 We'll go on—we'll go on;
 Though Baca's vale be dry,
 The Rock shall yield supply;—
 To a land of corn and wine
 We'll go on—we'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's flood
 We are come—we are come;
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 And the waters will divide,
 While the ransomed host shall shout,
 "We are come—we are come."
- 6 There friends shall meet again,
 Who have loved—who have loved;
 Our embraces shall be sweet,
 When we each other greet,
 At our great Redeemer's feet,
 Who have loved—who have loved.
- 7 There, with the happy throng,
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice;
 Shouting "glory to our King,"
 Till the dome of heaven shall ring,
 And through all eternity
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

*Light-house.**

160

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-SONG.—W. H.

I AM fading away to the land of the blest,
 Like the last lingering hues of the even:
 Reclining my head on my Saviour's breast,
 I soar to my own native heaven,
 My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
 To a crown and a throne I aspire:
 My coursers are swifter than steeds of the sun,
 I mount in a chariot of fire.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 100.

2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,

A trifle appears all its treasures!

I see them from hence by eternity's light:

How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!

How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,

Refreshing its soul-flattering story!

How tarnished the lustre of each noble name!

A meteor flash is its glory.

3 But there is a spot—one beautiful spot

My heart lingers o'er with emotion;

Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot;

'Tis the place of my former devotion.

I see it, "outstretched in its loveliness," lie,

Like a garden of lilies and roses;

More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,

Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,

That illumines the heights of elysian,

Shines down through the veil—there is life

in each beam—

It renders immortal my vision;

The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;

Harmonious the cadence and measure;

'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;

Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,

The city on high and eternal!

See, there is the Eden—the river of God!

And the trees ever bearing and vernal:

Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,

Let me join in that heavenly matin;

Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,

Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.

161

C. M.—*Paradise*.*

W. H.

- A** WAKE, my faith, and bring to view
The nobler joys above;
The heavenly treasures I pursue,
The country of my love.
- 2** Why should I pine with grief or care,
Or yield to quaking fear;
My Father's house is bright and fair,
And He himself is near.
- 3** Onward He bids me urge with speed,
To Canaan's peaceful bounds;
His hand supplies my every need,
His sheltering arm surrounds.
- 4** Then rise to view, celestial towers—
Mount, mount, my soul, and fly;
With glorious comrades, heavenly powers
Arise, and dwell on high.
- 5** Anticipate the happier day,
When, toil and sorrow gone,
Thou shalt traverse, in bright array,
The regions round the throne.
- 6** Thither my friends have gone before;
They rest from labor there;
They sorrow not—they weep no more;
I long their bliss to share.
- 7** O blessed Saviour! 'tis to thee,
This wish, this hope I owe;
On earth my great Protector be,
In heaven thy glory show.

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 73.

162 *Maltese Boatman's Song.**

THE CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME.

SEE, Christian, see how time steals on;
 Soon will sink life's setting sun;
 Like the gleams of closing day,
 Fade these fleeting hours away:
 Then up, let us toil till our toilings are o'er,
 Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore:
 Our final summons having come,
 How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
 Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome
 home,
 Welcome home, welcome home.

2 See how the shades of death come nigh;
 Blissful shades when Christians die:
 They mark the path our Saviour trod;
 Dying saints to waft to God: [o'er
 Then up, fellow-Christian, let mourning be
 Rejoice in the Saviour, rejoice evermore:
 Our final summons having come,
 How sweet the Christian's welcome home,
 Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome
 home,
 Welcome home, welcome home.

163 *Long, long ago.*

"SHED NOT A TEAR."—MRS. DANA.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early
 bier;—
 When I am gone—when I am gone—
 Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall
 hear—
 When I am gone—I am gone—

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 44.

Weep not for me when you stand round my
grave;

Think who has died His beloved to save;

Think of the crown all the ransomed shall
have;

When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree that may wave over me,

When I am gone—when I am gone—

Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,

When I am gone—I am gone—

Come at the close of a bright summer's day;

Come when the sun sheds his last lingering
ray;

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away;

When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,

When I am gone—when I am gone—

Breathe not a sigh for the blessed early dead,

When I am gone—I am gone—

Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care;

Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share;

Look ye on high and believe I am there;

When I am gone—I am gone.

164

C. M.—*Ingle-side.*

THE ETERNAL HOME.—MRS. DANA.

THERE'S not a bright and beaming smile,

Which in this world I see,

But turns my heart to future joys,

And whispers heaven to me.

Though often here my soul is sad,

And falls the silent tear,

There is a world of smiles and love,

And sorrow comes not there.

- 2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
 In greeting or farewell,
 But thoughts of my eternal home
 Within my bosom swell.
 There, when we meet with holy joy,
 No thoughts of parting come;
 But never-ending ages still
 Shall find us all at home.

165

MY MANSION IN THE SKY.—W. H.

- M**Y mansion in the sky
 Is built sublimely high,
 Serene abode!
 Its massy towers of might,
 Its gates all burnished bright,
 Blaze like the solar light,
 Or mount of God.
- 2 On Zion's heights divine,
 The city turrets shine,
 Pillars of flame!
 The joy of earth's oppressed,
 The home of spirits blessed,
 The everlasting rest,
 Jerusalem!
- 8 The angel hosts are there,
 Cherubs and seraphs fair:
 And saints untold,
 Snatched from terrestrial wrongs,
 To chant, in happy throngs,
 Their high triumphant songs,
 With harps of gold.
- 4 Crowns have they all obtained,
 And robes of white unstained,
 Purchased with blood,

Waving their palms on high,
 With thrills of holy joy,
 Adoringly they cry,
 "Glory to God."

- 5 On that elysian shore,
 They weep, they sigh no more,
 Forever blest;
 Their warfare all is done,
 Their latest foe o'erthrown,
 Eternal honors won,
 And heavenly rest.
- 6 Thither my hopes aspire—
 My spirit is on fire
 To bound away—
 From this dull vale of gloom
 From this sublunar tomb,
 To rise, and sing, and bloom
 In God's own day.

THE WORD.

166

2 8s and 4 7s.

- PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword;
 Let the world account me poor;
 Having this, I want no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys:
 Of excess there is no danger;
 Though it fills, it never cloy:

On a dying Christ I feed :
He is meat and drink indeed !

8 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicine, here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield :
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the Word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser :
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me, in his Word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

167

*The Lord is risen.**

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 121.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

2 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom :
O thou precious book divine ?
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

168

C. M.

GOD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song ;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still ;
I'm there convinced that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

3 Are my afflictions sharp and long ?
Does pain extreme ensue ?
God's word I trust ; his arm is strong ;
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favors so divine ;
Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.

5 Had not thy word been my relief,
 Had not thy truth sustained,
 I must have perished in my grief,
 No other help remained.

169

12s and 11s.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollec-
 tion

Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
 When blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies and peace from on
 high !

I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
 The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each
 hand,

And that richest of books, which excelled
 every other,

The family Bible, which lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morning and evening could yield us de-
 light,

And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invo-
 cation

For mercy by day and for safety by night :
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
 swelling,

All warm from the hearts of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
 dwelling,

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand :
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we
 parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
 more;
 In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted;
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-
 tection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
 Oh, let me with patience receive his correc-
 tion,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

CHRISTMAS

170

11s and 10s.

HAIL, the blest morn! see the great Medi-
 ator

Down from the regions of glory descend!
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man-
 ger,

Lo: for his guard the blest angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star in the east! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall!

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and offering, divine?

Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

171

12s and 11s.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel
 descended,

And told the strange news, how the babe was
 attended;

Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful
 stranger,

See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in
 the manger.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our
 pardon,*

*We will praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.*

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each
 nation,

Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation!

Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad
 voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven re-
 joices.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed through
 heaven,
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
 story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

4 Enraptured I burn, with delight and de-
 sire ;
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire ;
Around the bright throne hosannas are ring-
 ing,
Oh, when shall I join them, and ever be sing-
 ing?

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victori-
 ous,
And conquer with love, O Jesus, all glorious ;
Thy banners unfurl!—let the nations sur-
 render,
And own thee their Saviour, their God and
 Defender.

172

HITHER ye faithful, haste with songs of
 triumph ;
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet ;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Sa-
 viour,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,

Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;

Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,

Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,

Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;

Unto our God be glory in the highest,

Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

ZION! the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:

How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,

And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and
the skies.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

174

4 10s.—*Bab. Captivity.*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
rise!

Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,

While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;

But fixed his word, his saving power re-
 mains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

175

OH, how charming, oh, how charming,
 Is the radiant band of music, music,
 music, music,

Oh how charming is the radiant band
 Of music playing through the air :
 Angelic armies tune their harps.
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Enraptured spirits play their parts,
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Shout, shout, the great Messiah's come to
 reign.

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
 Brings the joyful news, oh, joyful, joyful,
 joyful, joyful,
 Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's
 birth,

The great Messiah's come to earth,
 Good-will to men I now proclaim,
 Good-will to men I now proclaim,
 The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,
 Good-will to men I now proclaim,
 Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to
 reign.

3 See his star arising, see his star arising.
 In the eastern sky, now rising, rising, rising,
 rising,

See his star arising on the eastern sky,
 The day-spring opening from on high,
 The types and shadows flee away,

The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day,
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to
reign.

4 Shepherd's adore him, wise men have found
him,

Glory be to God, oh glory, glory, glory, glory,
Wise men have found him by the rising
star,

And come to worship, from afar ;
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent,
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to
reign.

5 Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
To praise their infant King, oh praise him,
praise him, praise him, praise him,
Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
And loud hosanna's sweetly sing ;
With Gabriel and the shining host,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Gabriel and the shining host ;
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to
reign.

THE RESURRECTION

176 4 6s and 2 8s.—*Carmarthen.*

YES, the Redeemer rose;
 The Saviour left the dead!
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised his conquering head.
 In wild dismay the guards around
 Fall on the ground and sink away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet!
 Joyful they come, and wing their way,
 From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead: he rose to-day."

177 4 6s and 2 8s.—*Portsmouth.*

A WAKE our drowsy souls;
 Shake off each slothful band;
 The wonders of this day,
 Our noblest songs demand,
 Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
 Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resigned
 The glorious Prince of life,
 In dark domains confined!
 Th' angelic host around him bends;
 And, 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannas rings;
 While earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 "Worthy art Thou who once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign."
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car;
 While justice, truth, and love
 Maintain the glorious war.
 Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

178

THE GRAVE IS VOID.—*W. H.

- THE grave is void! the grave is void!
 Broken the loathsome prison!
 The power of death is all destroyed!
 The Prince of Life is risen!
- 2 The wisdom of the scribes was great,
 Great was their angry zeal;
 Around his tomb a guard they set,
 And on the stone a seal.
- 3 God's wisdom higher is than theirs,
 Who by himself hath sworn,
 To turn their cunning and their cares
 To infamy and scorn.

- 4 How little know we here beneath,
Of his mysterious ways,
Who out of torture, out of death,
Can life and blessings raise !
- 5 In Eden, with prophetic scope,
The promise first was given :
And twinkling shone that Star of hope,
As shone the stars of heaven.
- 6 The time at length approaches nigh ;
The blush of glorious morn
Is seen upon the eastern sky—
The Virgin's Son is born :—
- 7 The Bliss-inspirer, high, sublime,
As ancient promise ran,
Appears at the appointed time,
In fashion as a man.
- 8 And he was slighted, scorned, and bound,
Tortured, betrayed, and sold,
And crucified by human hand,
As he himself foretold.
- 9 And he was buried and bemoaned ;
And yet he lives again,
The God-man, gloriously enthroned,
O'er heaven and earth doth reign.
- 10 Hosanna ! for the grave is void,
Broken the loathsome prison ;
The power of death is all destroyed !
The Prince of Life is risen !

179

*All is well.**

SAINTS, ARISE!

SOON we shall see the glorious morning;
Saints arise, saints arise;

Sinners attend the notes of warning;
Saints arise, saints arise:

The resurrection day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high unfurl his banners here;
Saints arise, saints arise.

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding;
Saints arise, saints arise;
Through death's dark vaults its notes re-
bounding;

Saints arise, saints arise:
To meet the bridegroom, haste prepare;
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air;
Saints arise, saints arise.

3 The saints who sleep with joy awaken,
All arise, all arise:
Their clay cold beds are quick forsaken;
All arise, all arise:
Not one, of all the faithful few,
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view:
All arise, all arise.

4 Pursue them on their pathway glorious;
All arise, all arise;
Led by their King, o'er death victorious;
All arise, all arise;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 17.

On Zion's hill secure they stand,
 With palms of victory in their hand;
 To that long-sought and peaceful land,
 All arise, all arise.

- 5 Fast by the throne of God, behold them;
 Blissful scene, blissful scene;
 And in his arms the Saviour folds them,
 Blissful scene, blissful scene;
 With wreaths of glory round their head,
 No tears of sorrow now are shed,
 To joy's full fountain all are led;
 All is bliss, all is bliss.
-

MISSIONARY.

180

7s and 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

8 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

181

L. M.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding-star the wise men see;
And heavy his oppression's yoke,
Where first the gospel said, Be free.

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,
Good-will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

- 3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light,
That from eternal wo doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.
- 4 Behold, the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land;
And with its Sabbath-lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.
- 5 With pitying zeal, o'er ocean's wave,
We reach the helpless hand to take;
Oh, may we but one wanderer save!
We ask it for a Saviour's sake.

182 11s.—*Oh! who would remain.**

- W**AKE, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of his tomb.
- 2 The billows that girt ye, the wild waves
that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-
storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight of your desolate
shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and
peace.

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 58.

- 3 On the islands that sit in the regions of
 night,
 The lands of despair to oblivion a prey,
 The morning will open with healing and light;
 The young Star of Bethlehem will ripen to-
 day.
- 4 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
 The incense forbade that was hallowed
 with blood,
 The Priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,
 And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God.
- 5 The heathen will hasten to welcome the
 time,
 The day-spring the prophet in vision once
 saw,
 When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each
 clime,
 And the isles of the ocean shall wait for
 his law.

183

4 7s.

- W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are:
 Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends:
 Traveler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 Traveler! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

184

8 6s and 2 8s.

G^G forth to distant lands,
 Ye messengers of heaven!
 Scatter, with holy hands,
 The seed so freely given.
 Across the mighty deep,
 Around the Arctic pole,
 Where pillared whirlwinds sweep,
 And crested billows roll,
 In every clime, midst every clan,
 Proclaim the Saviour's love to man

- 2 Though clouds obscure the sky,
 And tempests howl around,
 Though tears bedew the eye,
 And disappointments wound,
 Amidst a hopeless race,
 Unfold hope's beauteous brow
 And bid the "Sun of Grace"
 In polar regions glow:
 The savage shall forego his chains,
 And carol forth celestial strains.

- 2 Firm as the throne of God,
Bright as the vaulted sky:
Sealed with atoning blood,
And fraught with ecstasy—
The promises invite
Your constant toil and care;
Make ready for the fight,
The cross with courage bear:
Millennial scenes of radiant hue
Shall soon entrance your raptured view.
- 4 Nerved with the Spirit's might,
Midst darkness, death, and wo,
Plumed with angelic light,
Onward, still onward go:
All mortal joys despise,
Immortal spirits win:
'Tis no ignoble prize,
"A soul released from sin;"
For these the Saviour lived and died,
And nought is worth a thought beside.

185 11s and 12s.—*True Riches*.*

A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the
slave,
Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark roll-
ing wave:
Tis heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the
myrrh,
And heard in the winds from the forests of
fir.

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 65.

2 And, hark! from the islands that spot the
blue sea,
Is heard a wild cry as they bend low the
knee!

They are groping their way mid the gloom
of the night,
While the dim star of nature yields only its
light.

3 For ignorance spreads her broad wings o'er
the wave,
And her flag, like a pall, has curtained the
grave:

Superstition, in chains, is weaving her wreath,
And landing them down to the caverns of
death.

4 Too long we have slumbered, too long we
have slept,
While the children of nature in bondage have
wept;

Their groans and their cries, their tears and
their prayer,
Have unheeded passed by, on the wings of
the air.

5 And shall we yet slumber, or linger at home?
Or fear o'er the dark rolling ocean to roam?
To range the wide woods where the council-
fires curl,

And there the broad banner of Jesus unfurl?

6 Come, arouse ye, arouse! while the sun is
yet high!

For the evening of death and oblivion is nigh!
Like the light of the morn, let us fly to their aid,
And the powers of darkness and death shall
be stayed.

186

8 lines 8s and 7s.

WHO will go to rear the standard
 Of the cross in heathen lands,
 Where the people sit in darkness,
 Bound by superstition's bands?
 Who will leave their friends and country,
 Bid adieu to earthly bliss,
 Yield their lives a willing offering,
 To so great a work as this?

2 Who will go to Afric's center,
 Tell the Ethiop there's a God,
 Point him to the crimson fountain
 Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
 Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,
 Through the Western forests stray,
 Where thick gloom and pagan darkness
 Long have held unrivaled sway?

3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,
 For his missionary zeal;
 And the perfect love of Jesus,
 Every Christian heart to fill:
 Then the earth would soon be covered
 With the knowledge of the Lord,
 And the far-off isles of ocean
 Soon would all receive his word.

187

8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Zion Comforted.**

MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

NATIVE land!—in summer smiling,
 Hill and valley, grove and stream;
 Home, whose nameless charms beguiling,
 Peaceful nursed our infant dream;

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 163.

- Haunts to which our childhood hasted,
 Where the earliest wild-flowers grew;
 Church, where Christ's free grace we tasted,
 Graved on memory's page—*Adieu!*
- 2 Mother, who hast watched our pillow,
 In thy tender, sleepless love,
 Lo! we dare the crested billow;
 Mother, put thy trust above.
 Father, from thy guidance turning,
 O'er the deep our way we take;
 Keep the prayerful incense burning
 On thine altar for our sake.
- 3 Brothers, sisters, more than ever
 Are our fond affections twined,
 As that hallowed bond we sever
 Which the hand of Nature joined.
 But the cry of heathen anguish
 Through our inmost hearts doth sound;
 Countless souls in misery languish,
 We would fly to heal their wounds.
- 4 Heathen, we would soothe thy weeping;
 Take us to thy anxious breast,
 Where some sainted dust is sleeping,
 Let us share a kindred rest.
 Friends, this span of life is fleeting,
 Hark! the harps of angels swell;
 Think of that eternal meeting,
 Where no voice shall say—*Farewell!*

188

2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! as I have proved thee,
Can I, can I say—farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

8 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say at last—farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly;
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—farewell—farewell!

189

*Wallace.**

MILLENNIAL DAWN.—W. H.

SAINTS, exult:—adieu to tears;
 Gloriously the dawn appears—
 Dawn of bright millennial years,
 Our great Messiah's reign:
 See his banner floating o'er
 Every dark and heathen shore;
 Gloom profound shall brood no more,
 Nor idol gods remain.

- 2 Where, in polar regions, rise
 Mountains of perpetual ice,
 Beams of brightness gild the skies;
 Prepare, prepare his way:
 Frosts eternal own his word;
 Mountains melt before the Lord;
 Human hearts with joy accord
 To him the victory.
- 3 On the sands of torrid zone,
 Shines from far his great white throne,
 Ethiopia is his own;
 He breaks her captive bands:
 Hear the voice of wailing hush;
 See the limpid fountain gush;
 Thirsty crowds around it rush,
 And, clap their joyful hands.
- 4 Isles, that grace the ocean's bed,
 Long in superstition dead,
 Hear the voice of Him who bled,
 And bless the rule he bears;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 102.

Saving health from him they prove;
 Grace perfumes the air above;
 Round them rolls a sea of love—
 A paradise is theirs.

5 Ships that o'er the billows ride,
 Beat by wind and angry tide,
 Safely moor—securely glide,
 On oceans deep and dark:
 Howl the storm—let surges roar;
 Night's black mantle shroud them o'er;
 Storms and perils fright no more,
 Since Christ is in the bark.

6 Hail, the world's great jubilee!
 Day of blood-bought liberty!
 Satan bound—earth more than free—
 Sound forth our choicest lays,
 Pitch the blissful chorus higher;
 Oh! for cloven tongues of fire,
 Oh! for for an immortal lyre,
 To sing the reign of grace.

190 *"From Greenland's icy mountains."**
 MISSIONARY SEWING SOCIETY.—W. H.

THOUGH to a distant region
 Our course we may not steer,
 To spread the blessed religion,
 Which prompts our meeting here;
 Though Providence denies us
 The heavier work to do,
 Our Master here employs us;
 We're in his service too.

* Also see Minstrel of Zion, p. 97.

- 2 While fathers, sons, and brothers
Are toiling in the field,
Their daughters, sisters, mothers
To sloth shall never yield;
Our hands shall make their raiment,
And needful food provide,
Till every faithful claimant
Shall have his wants supplied.
- 3 Our works are not redundant,
Though little we can do—
The harvest is abundant,
And laborers are few;
To aid the pious labors
Of those in darker lands,
We meet as Christian neighbours,
And ply our cheerful hands.
- 4 While some go forward weeping
And scatter precious seeds,
And others now are reaping
The fruits of former deeds,
Our Father, God, direct them,
Wherever they shall roam;
Let angel bands protect them,
Till thou shalt call them home.
- 5 When they return with gladness
Their sheaves around them borne,
No longer, then, in sadness
Their sufferings we shall mourn:
What though they go before us,
Or long delay to come,
We'll join their blissful chorus,
And "shout the harvest-home."

191

8 lines 11 and 9s.

THEY have gone to the land where the
patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise pos-
sessed,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed;
To the land which the Saviour of sinners
once trod,
Where he labored, and languished, and
bled,
Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended
to God,
As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy
have gone
To the land where the martyrs once bled,
Where the “Beast and False Prophet” have
since trodden down
The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
Where the churches, once planted, and wa-
tered, and blessed
With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
Have been smitten, despoiled, and by hea-
thens possessed,
And the places that knew them defiled.

3 They go to the land where the Indians now
dwell,
Impelled by the love of the Lord;
His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
As revealed in his excellent word.

“Thy blessing go with them—oh, be thou
their shield

From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
Oh, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed
In mercy and might from on high.”

192

DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM.

MORN of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joy, the light is waking:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph angels glad behold thee:
Far and wide,
See them glide;
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to every nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs sounding;

Peace with men
 Dwells again;
 Jesus reigns for ever!
 Jesus reigns for ever!

VALEDICTORY.

193

*Farewell Ode for a College
 Commencement.*

PEACEFULLY, tenderly,
 Here, as we part,
 The farewell that lingers
 Be breathed from the heart.
 No place more fitting,
 O house of the Lord—
 Here be it spoken,
 That last prayerful word.

2 Thoughtfully, carefully,
 Solemn and slow!
 Tears are bedewing
 The path that we go:
 Perils before us
 We know not to-day—
 Kindly and safely,
 O Lord, lead the way.

8 Upwardly, steadfastly,
 Gaze on that brow:
 Jesus, our Leader,
 Reigns conqueror now.

His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare,
Go up to glory,
His blessedness share.

4 Patiently, cheerfully,
Up, and depart
To labor and duty
With undismayed heart :
The ransomed, with gladness,
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting salvation
To Jesus, our King.

194 L. M.—*Parting Hand.*

MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band ;
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your company 's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear ;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray !
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face !
Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind !
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears ;

Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me think we'll meet again.
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll clasp anew the immortal hand.

4 I hope you will remember me,
If you no more my face should see:
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

195 4 lines 11s.—*Bower of Prayer.**

FAREWELL to thee, brother! we meet but
to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each
heart;
There is grief—but there's hope, all its an-
guish to quell,
The Master goes with thee—farewell, oh,
farewell,

2 Farewell! thou art leaving the home of
thy youth—
The friends of thy God, and the temples of
truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sab-
bath-bell;
Yet the Master goes with thee—farewell, oh,
farewell!

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 77.

3 Farewell! for thou treadest the path that
 he trod,
 His God is thy Father—his Father thy
 God;
 And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall
 swell,
 Remember, He's with thee—farewell, oh,
 farewell.

4 Farewell! and God speed thee, glad tidings
 to bear
 To desolate isles, in the night of despair;
 On the sea—on the shore, the promises tell,
 His wings shall infold thee—farewell, oh,
 farewell!

5 Farewell! but in spirit we often shall
 meet,
 (Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-
 seat;
 And above, ne'er to part, but for ever to
 dwell
 With the Master in glory—till then, oh, fare-
 well!

196

L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
 gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better country view.

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
*Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.*
- 5 Farewell, poor, careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
Oh turn, and find salvation near.
*Oh, turn, oh, turn, oh, turn,
And find salvation near.*

197

L. M.*

THE ITINERANT HUSBAND'S ADIEU.—W. H.

OH! meet me at the throne of grace,
At rosy eve and dewy morn,
And cherish hopes of sweet embrace,
When I from toil to thee return.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 78.

I go, my Master's work to do,
 His truth to spread, his grace to show;
 But while I wander, thoughts of you,
 Shall ever in my bosom glow.

CHORUS.

*Oh! meet me at the throne of grace,
 At rosy eve and dewy morn,
 And cherish hopes of sweet embrace,
 When I from toil to thee return.*

2 'Tis duty's lofty voice I hear,
 And hearing, must obey the sound;
 For notes of love and friendship dear
 Are in the sovereign echo drowned.
 I seek not fame nor glittering gold,
 Not these could tempt me hence to roam;
 But, wandering sheep, strayed from the
 fold,
 I would to Christ and heaven bring home,
Chorus.

3 Go, stay that trusting heart on heaven,
 Let not those tears too freely flow;
 And pray that to our love be given
 Yet other interviews below;
 But if to hearts so intertwined,
 His will permit a stroke severe;
 If thine the fall, I'll haste to find
 Thy rest in yonder happier sphere
Chorus.

4 Or, if while roving far from thee,
 In quest of Israel's wandering sheep,
 Shall come my hour of destiny,
 And lull me into death's cold sleep;

Then follow thou: oh! speed thy wing,
 And to my spirit-mansion come,
 While I from heaven's bright walls shall
 sing,

Come home, my love, come quickly home
Chorus.

198

C. M.*

THE ITINERANT WIFE'S ADIEU.—W. H.

I'LL meet thee at the hour of prayer,
 Oh, yes! I'll meet with thee,
 And breathe my warmest offerings there,
 While thine go up for me;
 Though rivers may between us roll,
 And mountains part the sky,
 They cannot part our one fond soul—
 One soul are you and I.

CHORUS.

*I'll meet with thee, I'll meet with thee,
 Oh, yes! we'll meet in prayer.*

- 2 Go, bear the word of truth abroad,
 To save our wretched race;
 Go, tell the rebel of his God,
 Go, tell him of his grace;
 The precious seed with tears bedew,
 Nor faint the cross to bear;
 But frequently thy strength renew,
 By meeting me in prayer.
Chorus.

- 3 Go, bid the sorrowing heart be glad,
 Go, dry the mourner's tears;
 Tell guilty souls that Jesus bled,
 To quell their guilty fears;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 80.

And as thou wanderest to and fro,
 Domestic toils my care,
 Each day will I rejoice to know
 Thou meetest me in prayer.

Chorus.

- 4 Thus sweetly bound in triple bands
 Of wedlock, truth, and grace,
 We cultivate Immanuel's lands,
 And train our rising race.
 Our daily mutual toils we share—
 The harvest soon will come,
 When we with mutual joy shall bear
 Our sheaves rejoicing home.

Chorus.

199

Parting Friend.

- WHEN shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the burning sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in heaven's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

200

C. M.—*Kirkland.*

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one :
 Hail ! sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
 To joys before unknown.

CHORUS.

*It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given :
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.*

2 What though the northern winter-blast,
 May howl around my cot ;
 What though beneath a southern sun
 Be cast thy distant lot.

CHORUS.

For there we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain ;
 From Europe and Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.

Chorus.

4 Nor ling'ring look, nor parting sigh
 Our future home shall know ;
 There love shall beam from every eye,
 And hope immortal grow.
Oh, sacred hope, oh, blissful hope, &c

201

Long, long ago.

"THINK THOU OF ME."—B. & H.

THINK of me when at the altar of prayer ;
 Think thou of me—think thou of me,
 When at the mercy-seat—think of me there ;
 Think thou of me—pray for me.

Pray that with courage I onward may go,
Spreading the news of salvation below,
Plucking poor rebels from sin and from wo :
Think thou of me—pray for me.

2 And at the call of the church-going bell,
Think thou of me—think thou of me :
Think of the place where the holy shall dwell ;
Think thou of me—pray for me :
Pray that with all of the rapturous throng,
Who on Mount Zion repeat their glad song,
I may at last to the Saviour belong :
Think thou of me—pray for me.

3 When the bright morn with her glory comes
in,
Think thou of me—think thou of me.
Pray that my soul may be kept from all sin :
Think thou of me—pray for me—
Pray that through life I may walk in his
love,
Who to redeem me came down from above ;
Pray that the world his salvation may prove :
Think thou of me—pray for me.

4 When quiet eve throws around thee her
shade :
Think thou of me—think thou of me :
Think of the friendly requests I have made ;
Think thou of me—pray for me :
Pray that when life and its sorrows are
o'er,
We may both meet on a happier shore ;
When we meet there, we shall never part
more ;
Think thou of me—pray for me.

5 When you may hear of my fast failing
breath,

Think of me then—pray for me then :

Pray that the Lord may be with me in death ;

Think of me then—pray for me.

Pray that with joy I may finish my race ;

Triumph at last in the strength of his grace ;

Rise up to heaven in raptures of praise :

Think of me then—think of me.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

202

THE OLDEST HYMN.

[In Paed., Lib. iii. of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is then (one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved disciple," before he ascended to his reward.]

SHEPHERD of tender youth !

Guiding in love and truth,

Through the devious ways ;

Christ, our triumphant King,

We come thy name to sing,

And here our children bring

To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord !

The all-subduing Word !

Healer of strife !

Thou didest thyself abase,

That from sin's deep disgrace,

Thou mightest save our race,

And give us life.

- 3 Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love;
 And in our mortal pain,
 None calls on thee in vain—
 Help thou dost not disdain,
 Help from above.
- 4 Ever be thus our guide!
 Our Shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song!
 Jesus! thou Christ of God!
 By thy perennial word,
 Lead us where thou hast trod—
 Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing:
 Infants, and the glad throng,
 Who to thy church belong,
 Unite and swell the song,
 To Christ our King.

203

THE HAPPY LAND.

- THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 For ever more!
- 2 Come to that happy land;
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free ;
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blessed ever more.

- 8 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's hand ;
 Love cannot die ;
 Oh, then to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign ever more.
-

FOR CHRISTMAS.

204

L. M.

- H**AIL happy day ! when Christ the Son
 His pilgrimage on earth begun ;
 This world of ours made his abode,
 The dwelling-place of man and God.
- 2 How happy were the shepherd swains
 Who heard the high angelic strains !
 And greatly wondering, learned from them
 That Christ was born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Happy the men whose heavenward eye
 Beheld the star new-lit on high ;
 And hasted, with unweary feet,
 David's immortal Son to greet.
- 4 Oh ! happy she, the virgin fair,
 Who nursed him with a mother's care ;
 And, pondering o'er the mystery, press'd
 Her son—her Saviour—to her breast.

- 5 But happier we—himself has shown—
 Who see him now by faith alone:
 More blessed are they who keep his word,
 Than she who bore and nursed the Lord.
- 6 Our willing honors then we pay
 To Him whose is this festal day;
 Before his feet rejoicing fall,
 And crown him King and Lord of all.

205

L. M.—*Christmas*.*

W. H.

TEACHERS.

COME, children, let your voices rise,
 To him who stoops to hear your cries,
 To-day is born your heavenly King—
 Lift up your voices—children, sing.

BOYS.

- 2 Come, sisters, join your tuneful tongues,
 Responsive to our humbler songs;
 Come, and your sweeter anthems bring,
 To praise him better—sisters, sing.

GIRLS.

- 3 Brothers, we come with cheerful hearts,
 In this glad song to bear our parts;
 Let both unite to sing his praise,
 And willing honors jointly raise.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Our gifts of gold we cannot bring
 An offering unto Zion's King:
 Instruct us, teachers, how to gain
 The favors of his coming reign.

TEACHERS.

- 5 Dear children, he whose grace you share,
Does not for such vain honors care :
Your hearts to gold will he prefer—
Your love to frankincense and myrrh.

ALL.

- 6 Saviour of all, our voices blend,
And upwards to thy throne ascend :
While low our bodies humbly bow,
Oh, bless us, Saviour—bless us *now*.

206 8 lines 8s.—*Christmas Hymn*.*

W. H.

- OH happy the day he was born,
When the angels rejoiced in the skies :
The joy of that festival morn
By far every other out vies.
Oh, bright was the glory that shone
From mercy's broad banner unfurled,
When Gabriel came down from the throne
To publish the news to our world.
- 2 "Lo ! tidings of gladness I bring
To you, and to all upon earth ;
Rejoice at the birth of your King,
The Son of the Highest hath birth :
He comes of the prophets foretold,
Whose kingdom shall ever increase ;
The Son of King David of old,
The Prince and the Author of peace."

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 110.

- 3 Thus spake the archangel; and throngs
Of glorified spirits on high
Exulted in rapturous songs,
And filled with sweet music the sky.
All glory and honor be given,
To Father, and Spirit, and Son;
On earth is the kingdom of Heaven,
The reign of Messiah begun.
-

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

207 C. M.—*Land of Liberty.**

W. H.

- GOD of our fathers! whose right hand
Their galling fetters broke,
And set our now delightful land
Free from a foreign yoke—
- 2 We thank Thee for the blessings given,
Prosperity and peace;
And raise our prayerful hearts to heaven,
That these may still increase.
- 3 Our warrior sires, who stood in arms,
In death's long slumber rest,
While we, secure from war's alarms
By their hard toils are blest.
- 4 We, in our own thrice blissful bowers,
In safety now recline;
These blessings, gracious Lord, are ours,
The praise be ever Thine.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 105.

208

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay;
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence day

2 'Tis freedom's sound
That rings around,
And brightens every ray;
Our banner floats,
And trumpet notes;
On Independence day.

3 While thunder breaks,
And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple-gate
Our feet shall wait,
On Independence day.

4 Oh, who from home
Would fail to come
And join the children's lay—
When praise we bring
To God, our King,
On Independence day.

5 For Liberty,
Great God, to thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know,
To thee we owe,
On Independence day.

209

2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

W. H.

HAIL the day that bought our freedom,
Bought with our forefathers' blood;
Thou, our conquering God, didst lead them
Through the flame and through the flood.
Independence!
Echo it through field and flood.

2 Lo! their happy sons and daughters,
On this glad and festal day,
By the springs of limpid waters,
O'er the hills and valleys stray.
Independence!
Chorus still of every lay.

3 Here we, in thy presence bending,
Happiest of the happy throngs,
Up to heaven our prayers are sending—
Up to heaven our rapturous songs,
Independence!
Swells the triumph, and prolongs.

4 "Oh! thou God of our salvation,"
Who dost blessings richly shower,
Let us make our "Declaration"
In this spirit-stirring hour.
Independence!
From the tyrant Satan's power.

5 Father, oh! prepare us better
For the blessings richly given;
Break off every sinful fetter,
Purge out every sinful leaven.
Independence!
Then shall clear our path to heaven.

210

7s and 6s.

WE come with joy and gladness,
 To breathe our songs of praise,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled in our lays,
 For 'tis a hallowed story,
 This theme of freedom's birth;
 Our fathers' deeds of glory
 Are echoed round the earth.

- 2 The sound is waxing stronger,
 And thrones and nations hear—
 Proud man shall rule no longer,
 For God the Lord is near;
 And he will crush oppression,
 And raise the humble mind,
 And give the earth's possession
 Among the good and kind.
- 3 And then shall sink the mountains,
 Where pride and power are crowned,
 And peace, like gentle fountains,
 Shall shed its pureness round.
 O God! we would adore thee,
 And in thy shadow rest;
 Our *fathers* bowed before thee,
 And trusted, and were blest.

211

Rosin the bow.

A JUVENILE PATRIOTIC SONG.

A SONG for the day beaming o'er us!
 An anthem of juvenile joy;
 A rapturous, heart-stirring chorus,
 For this is the Fourth of July!

CHORUS.

Yes, this is the Fourth of July,
The glorious Fourth of July:
Then send up the heart-stirring chorus,
For this is the Fourth of July

2 Long since, on this day of defial,
Our fathers fought kings with their pen;
Their children, if put to the trial,
Would sign that bold paper again.

Would sign that bold paper again,
Yes, yes, we would sign it again;
Their children, if put to the trial,
Would sign that bold paper again.

3 The patriot band was assembled,
The tyrants of earth to defy;
And tyrants have ever since trembled
To hear of the Fourth of July.

To hear of the Fourth of July,
The glorious Fourth of July,
And tyrants have ever since trembled
To hear of the Fourth of July.

4 They wish that old Time would absorb it,
Or let it unnumbered go by:
But time rolls around in its orbit,
And brings a new Fourth of July.

He brings a new Fourth of July,
Each year a new Fourth of July;
Old Time, as he rolls in his orbit,
Still brings a new Fourth of July.

5 With very benevolent reason,
God spreads out the bright summer sky;
And just in the midst of the season,
He sends us the Fourth of July.

He sends us the Fourth of July,
The glorious Fourth of July;
In the midst of the bright summer season,
He sends us the Fourth of July.

6 Our fathers in warlike employment,
Determined to conquer or die;
But ours is the peaceful enjoyment,
The fruit of their Fourth of July.

The fruit of their Fourth of July.
Their soul-trying Fourth of July;
We flourish in peaceful enjoyment,
The fruit of their Fourth of July

7 Our States in fraternal communion,
All traitors and foes shall defy;
So long as we cling to the "UNION,"
And honor the Fourth of July.

And honor the Fourth of July,
The glorious Fourth of July,
So long as we cling to the "Union,"
And honor the Fourth of July.

8 Be withered the hand that would sever
Our hallowed confederate tie,
Our "UNION" be cherished forever,
And honored our Fourth of July.

And honored our Fourth of July,
Our glorious Fourth of July,
Our "Union" be cherished forever,
And honored our Fourth of July.

9 Then up with the voice of thanksgiving,
 To God, the great Giver on high;
 And while in the land of the living,
 Still honor the Fourth of July.

Still honor the Fourth of July,
 The glorious Fourth of July;
 Yes, while in the land of the living,
 We'll honor the Fourth of July.

212

C. M.—*Joyful.*

For the conclusion of a 4th of July celebration.

W. H.

CHILDREN.

ACCEPT our thanks for all your love,
 And kindness thus bestowed,
 And pray that we may meet above,
 In yonder blest abode.

*Oh, that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 Oh, that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more:
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's peaceful shore:
 There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
 Shall meet to part no more.*

TEACHERS.

2 Our gifts and prayers are freely given;
 You live within our heart:
 We therefore hope to meet in heaven,
 Where we shall never part.

Chorus.

CHILDREN.

- 3 In that bright world of joy above,
Ten thousand angel-tongues
Shall help to sing the name we love,
And joy shall swell our songs.

Chorus.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Our happy songs, on earth begun,
With joy shall we renew
With angels round our Father's throne,
And we'll be angels too.

Chorus.

MISCELLANEOUS.

213

L. M.—*Magdalen.*

"OH, HAPPY DAY."

- OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angel's bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

214

P. M.*

"THE HOUSE OF THE LORD."—W. H.

- YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain
 and dale,
 Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the
 vale;
 But the place most delightful this earth can
 afford,
 Is the place of devotion—the house of the
 Lord.
- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's
 early dawn—
 Of the sky's softening graces when day is
 just gone;
 But there's no other season or time can com-
 pare
 With the hour of devotion—the season of
 prayer.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 61.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and
of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and
sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's
rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children
of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame,
or of wealth,
And the hopes that so flatter the favorites of
health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly
bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but
this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my
Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his
word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I
love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from
above.

215

L. M.—*Newton*.

THE MERCY SEAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?
- 5 There—*there*, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.
- 6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

216

8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Absence.*

"SWEET THE MOMENTS."

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever, viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blesséd is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze,
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death,
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all needs to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

217

8, 7s.*

MARY AT THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB.

- MARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
 But the Lord she loved was gone:
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 1 Jesus, who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Came her drooping heart to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she grieved

* Minstrel of Zons p 66.

Though at first she knew him not,
 When he called her by her name,
 She her heavy griefs forgot,
 For she found him still the same.

8 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice:
 Just before she thought him dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change a word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-tost:
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ;
 Weeping for a night may last,
 But with morning comes the joy

218

L. M.—*Windham.*

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

8 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

219

11s, 12s.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,

Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell
your anguish,

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure;

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
“Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”

220

L. M.—*Scotland*.

THE CAPTIVITY.

WHERE we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme;
Our harps, that, when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow trees, that withered there.

- 2 When they that led us captive, said,
 "Come, sing us one of Zion's songs,"
 And of our grief derision made,
 Nor Jacob's God redressed our wrongs :
 "How can we sing on Babel's shores,
 Where songs profane offend the ear,
 Where strangers idol gods adore,
 And hated images appear?"
- 3 If I forget Jerusalem,
 Although she now in ruin lies,
 Let every object cease to charm,
 And cleave my tongue, and close my eyes.
 Oh! could I see the house of God—
 Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains—
 Once more, my brethren's blest abode!
 There would I dwell while life remains.

221

L. M.—*Duane Street.*

THE RIVER OF GOD.

- THERE is a pure and peaceful wave
 That rolls around the throne of love ;
 Whose waters gladden as they lave
 The bright and heavenly shores above :
- 2 While streams which on that tide depend,
 Steal from those heavenly shores away,
 And on this desert world descend,
 Over our barren land to stray.
- 3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink
 Beneath this load of earthly wo,
 Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
 Rejoices in its gentle flow.
- 4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
 And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
 To drink the crystal wave ; and there
 To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

- 5 It may be that the waft of love
 Some leaves on that pure tide hath
 driven,
 Which, passing from the shores above,
 Have floated down to us from heaven.
- 6 So shall thy wants and woes be healed,
 By the blest influence they bring ;
 So thy parched lips shall be unsealed,
 Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

222

L. M.—*Magdalen.*

THIS LIFE'S BUT A DREAM.

- THIS life's a dream, an empty show,
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere !
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 2 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
 Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

223

L. M.

LOVE-FEAST.

- BE present at our love-feast, Lord,
 And feed us richly with thy word,
 Oh, may we taste the joys above,
 And have indeed a feast of love.
- 2 Now, Lord, the living faith impart,
 And enter every waiting heart ;
 Then shall we thy salvation prove,
 And fully taste the feast of love.

- 3 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And visit all thy praying host;
That we, with all thy saints above,
May share the feast of heavenly love.

224

C. M.—*Longing for home.*

SOMETHING NEW.

- SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.
- 2 The new possessed, like fading flowers
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.
- 3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru—
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.
- 4 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.
- 5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

225

C. M.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

- SWEET muse descend, and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove!
Business and noise and day are fled,
And every care but love.

- 2 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground,
That hath enslaved my eyes ;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.
- 3 Jesus has all my powers possessed,
My hopes, my fears, my joys :
He, the dear sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.
- 4 Some of the fairest choirs above,
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.
- 5 His charms shall make my numbers flow
And hold the falling flood,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning wood.
- 6 I'll carve my passion on the bark—
And every wounded tree
Shall droop, and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus died for me.
- 7 The swains shall wonder, when they read,
Inscribed on all the grove,
That Heav'n himself came down and bled,
To win a mortal's love.

226

4 8s and 2 6s.

AFFLICTION.

WHEN sore afflictions throng around,
And sorrows bow my spirits down,
Where shall I find relief ?
I'll bow my soul before my God,
And humbly kiss his chastening rod—
Till he assuage my grief.

- 2 My numerous sins I will confess,
 I'll own, in every deep distress
 That God is good and just;
 For, from experience I have found,
 Afflictions spring not from the ground,
 Nor trouble from the dust
- 3 So sure as sparks from living fire
 With native tendency aspire,
 And upward wing their way—
 So surely man is born to pain,
 Our common lot is to complain,
 While here on earth we stay.
- 4 Nor is the cause so hard to tell,
 Since we by sin so basely fell,
 And left the source of bliss:
 How can we look for joys serene,
 While sin, that monster, lurks within,
 The parent of distress.
- 5 But Jesus hears the sinner's moan,
 He pleads our cause before the throne—
 He hath the Father's ear;
 Since he for man the debt hath paid,
 Our suit is gained—his blood hath made
 Atonement at the bar.

227

L. M.—*The Happy Few.**

FADING FLOWERS.—W. H.

THE vernal flowers their beauties spread,
 Delightful to the eye;
 But quickly all their hues are fled—
 They wither, droop, and die.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 15.

- 2 Emblem of beauteous childhood's bloom,
Emblem of its decay ;
Swift they leave us for the tomb,
Wither, and pass away.
- 3 Why should we mourn these fading flowers,
From this low vale removed,
To bloom afresh in angel's bowers,
By them and Christ beloved ?
- 4 Thus severed from their parent stem,
Our babes go on before ;
That our fond hearts may follow them,
To that immortal shore.
- 5 There they and we, (when Christ appears,)
All wash'd from sin's foul stain,
Shall flourish through eternal years ;
Nor die, nor weep again.

228

C. M.

AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.*—W. H.

- WHO shall forbid our grateful wo,
Our tears of love to start ;
There's balm in their assuaging flow
To heal the wounded heart.
- 2 This lovely babe, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.
 - 3 Here rest thee, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close ;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 134.

- 4 We plant thee here, with tears bedewed,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs, renewed,
These flowing founts supply.
- 5 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of Paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

229

C. M.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

- JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

230

"THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE."

THE voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely,
In streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.*

- 2 Ye thirsty ones, hear it
With high exultation—
Behold, says the Spirit,
The well of salvation:
Approach, cries the Bride,
Lo! the multitudes going,
The soul-saving tide
To the nations is flowing.
- 8 Blest Jesus ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.

Thy name shall be praised
 In the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight
 In ascribing salvation.

- 4 When on Zion we stand,
 Having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands,
 We will praise evermore ;
 We'll range the blest fields,
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs
 For ever and ever.

231

REV. DR. BETHUNE.

- I LOVE to sing when I am glad,
 Song is the echo of my gladness ;
 I love to sing when I am sad,
 Till song makes sweet my very sadness ;
 'Tis pleasant time,
 When voices chime
 To some sweet rhyme in concert only ;
 And song to me
 Is company—
 Good company when I am lonely.
- 2 Whene'er I greet the morning light,
 My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
 And mid the shadows of the night,
 I sing me to my welcome slumbers :
 My glad heart is stirred
 By each glad bird
 Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers :
 And song gives birth
 To friendly mirth
 Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

- 3 Man first learned song in Paradise,
 From the bright angels o'er him singing;
 And in our home above the skies,
 Glad anthems are forever ringing:
 God lends his ear,
 Well pleased to hear
 The songs that cheer his people's sorrow;
 Till day shall break
 And we shall wake
 And love will make unfading morrow.
- 4 Then let me sing while yet I may,
 Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued
 Psalmist,
 Who found in harp and holy lay
 The charm that keeps the spirit calmest:
 For sadly here
 I need the cheer,
 While sinful fear with promise blendeth;
 Oh, how I long
 To join the throng
 Who sing the song that never endeth!

232

P. M.—*All is well.**

THE SHUNAMITE'S SON.—W. H.

THE child! the child! the kind old prophet
 said,
 Is it well? is it well?
 Doth it still live? or is the sweet one dead?
 Is it well? is it well?
 I fear me by that altered mien,
 It is no more as it hath been—
 No more among the living seen:
 Is it well? is it well?

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 17.

2 'Tis well, 'tis well, the mother weeping said,
It is well, it is well ;

So must it be, to heaven its soul has fled,
It is well, it is well :

But ah ! my heart is rent in twain,
What joys to me on earth remain,
Since death my dearest joy hath slain ;
It is well, it is well.

3 But from the dead that mother grasped her
son,

He arose, he arose ;

Sprung forth to life, that cherished, lovely
one,

He arose, he arose :

And so shall rise each infant dear,
That parents fondly cherish here ;
Before the Lord shall they appear—
All shall rise, all shall rise.

4 What though the dust awhile to dust return,
It is well, it is well :

It is not meet that we should sadly mourn,
It is well, it is well :

The happy spirit, robed in white,
To climes of glory wings its flight,
And there, before the throne of light,
It is well, it is well.

HAIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain doom :
Learn with me your fate to-morrow ;
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.

See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mouldering urn.

2 Lo ! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod !
Scenes of nature, how surprising !
Read in nature nature's God :
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes :
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy ;
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them
Just to cheer a troubled mind,
Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind :
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.

Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
 Then, my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

234

C. M.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.—C. WESLEY.

WHICH of the petty kings of earth
 Can boast a guard like ours,
 Encircled from our second birth
 With all the heavenly powers?

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
 Sent by the King of kings,
 Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
 And shade us with their wings.
- 3 With them we march securely on,
 Throughout Immanuel's ground;
 And not an uncommissioned stone,
 Our guarded feet shall wound.
- 4 No enemy our souls ensnare,
 No casual evil grieve,
 Nor can we lose a single hair
 Without our Father's leave.
- 5 Angels, where'er we go, attend
 Our steps, whate'er betide;
 With watchful care their charge defend,
 And evil turn aside.
- 6 A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
 A ready help we find;
 And to their secret presence owe
 The presence of our mind.

- 7 Their instrumental aid unknown,
They day and night supply ;
And free from fear we lay us down,
Though Satan's host be nigh.
- 8 Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power ;
And unconcerned we sweetly sleep
As Adam in his bower.
- 9 Jehovah's charioteers around,
The ministerial choir,
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.
- 10 Ten thousand offices unseen,
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.
- 11 But thronging round with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.
- 12 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

235

C. M.

THE HOSTS OF GOD.—W. H.

THE hosts of God ! the unseen hosts,
Thousands of thousands strong,
Keep nightly vigils o'er our coasts,
And daily round us throng.

- 2 Oh, might we, blind-born, ope our eyes
Their cohorts to survey,

- Marching refulgent down the skies,
Or wending hence their way !
- 3 Or o'er the vales of this terrene,
Or o'er the hills afar,
Oh, might their glittering arms be seen,
Eager for holy war !
- 4 Circling the New Jerusalem,
The churches of the Lord,
They stand a wall of living flame,
And flash their fiery sword.
- 5 Bowing alone to God's command,
Before his face they fall ;
Or dart, like lightnings from his hand,
Over this earthly ball.
- 6 All shapes ethereal they assume,
All offices perform—
Now tinge the vernal floweret's bloom,
Now rule the howling storm.
- 7 The playmates of our childish days,
Our youth their care prolongs ;
They wipe the sweat from manhood's face,
And cheer our age with songs.
- 8 They woo us from our toilings here ;
They softly touch their strings ;
Then bear us to their own bright sphere,
Upon their snow-white wings.

236

Precious Bible.

WONDER, LOVE, AND PRAISE.

LET us LOVE, and SING, and WONDER,
Let us PRAISE the Saviour's name ;
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame,
He has washed us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

- 7 Let us LOVE the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies ;
Called us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes
He has washed us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.
- 8 Let us SING, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down,
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown :
He who washed us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us WONDER: grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store ;
Christ hath died, (in him our trust is ;)
Justice smiles, and asks no more :
He who washed us with his blood,
Hath secured our way to God.
- 5 Let us PRAISE, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high ;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky :
"Thou hast washed us with thy blood ;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God."
- 6 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded,
Loud from golden harps above :
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love :
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

237 ^{2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.}—*Pilgrim's Prayer.* ^{*}

THE JUDGMENT.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall cry, " This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour !
Own me on that day for thine.

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part !"

- 5 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served their Lord below,
He will say, " Come in, ye blesséd,
ee the kingdom I bestow :
You forever
Shall my love in glory know."

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 153.

- 8 Under sorrows and reproaches,
Let this thought our courage raise;
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be turned to praise:
May we triumph
When this world is in a blaze.

238

8 lines 8s.—*Loudon.*

- OUR gracious Redeemer we love,
His praises aloud we proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on thy glories divine,
Be, Lord, our eternal employ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
Our boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 Thou, Lord, didst redeem with thy blood
Our souls from the confines of hell;
And back thou hast brought us to God,
That we in his presence might dwell:
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King.
- 8 In Meshech, as yet, we reside;
A darksome and restless abode;
Molested by foes on each side,
And absent awhile from our God;
But soon thou wilt bid us ascend,
To join in thy praises above;
To gaze on thee, world without end,
Without interruption to love

- 4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear
Shall ever molest us again;
Perfection of glory reigns there.
Acknowledged for ever as thine,
To prove his unsearchable grace,
Our souls and our bodies shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise.

239

The Trumpet.

- THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll
in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his
ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of
cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead
are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are
poured
Mighty hosts of the angels, that wait on the
Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic-
tory wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel
are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come
forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
 are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vestured
 elders are met!
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
 Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his
 word.

5 Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from
 above!
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
 love!
 When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked
 are driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in
 heaven!

240 C. M.—*Longing for home*

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
 By adverse winds be driven,
 And howling tempests around us rave—
 There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
 Our heart with anguish riven,
 Still, let it never be forgot—
 There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here banish all,
 And fade like hues at even;
 Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
 There are no tears in heaven

- 4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.
- 5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.
- 6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heaven.

241

*The Light-house.**

- THE scene was more beautiful far to the
eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure,
arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion;
From the dim distant isle where the light-
house fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
- 2 No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's
breast,
Was heard in his wildly-breathed num-
bers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-guarded
nest,
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 100.

One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle
slope,

All hushed was the billows' commotion—
And I thought that the light-house looked
lovely as Hope,
That star o'er life's tremulous ocean.

8 The time is long past, and the scene is
afar,

Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory, sometimes, rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour—when the trembling
soul flies,

And death stills the heart's last emotion,—
Oh! then, may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star, o'er eternity's ocean.

242

8 lines 7s.—*Compulsion*.*

DAYS OF GRACE.

HASTE, again, ye days of grace,
When, assembled in one place,
Signs and wonders marked the hour!
Al' were filled and spoke with power;
Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflowed,
Hearts enlarged, and self destroyed!
All things common, now we'll prove
All our common stock be love.

2 Jesus now his work revives,
Now his quick'ning Spirit strives,
Oh, let preachers, people, all
Listen to the glorious call,
Join the simple, lively throng,
Catch the fire, and swell the song;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 161.

Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Spread the life through all the land.

- 3 Oh, that each may now prevail!
Act the faith that cannot fail;
Rise, and pull the blessing down,
Seize the kingdom for his own;
Fire our hearts with holy zeal;
Glowing still for Zion's weal;
Heaven open—blessings pour—
Spirit work this present hour!
- 4 Lo! the knife we boldly take,
Bind our Isaacs to the stake;
Freely part with all for thee;
Welcome, King of liberty!
Now we die to self and sin,
Nothing feel but love within,
May this faith in words abound,
Shine and burn to all around.
- 5 Pilgrims! soon the journey's done;
Warriors! soon the battle's won;
Where your doubts, your cares, your fears?
See! the glittering crown appears!
Hark! the angels shouting cry,
"Welcome! welcome to the sky!"
Jesus calls, and calls for thee;
"Faithful servant, come to me."

243

2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.—*Calvary.*

FINISHED SALVATION.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

“It is finished!”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 “It is finished”—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford:
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
“It is finished,”
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God hath promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
“It is finished”—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

244

C. M.—*Funeral.*

AWFUL SUBJECTS.

- MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed.
Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 2 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,

Among abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.
 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

- 3 Not all their anguish and their blood,
 For their own guilt atones,
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love.

245

8 lines 8s.—*Malvern*.*

THE PREACHER'S ADIEU.

A DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu;
 Reluctant I give you my hand,
 No more to assemble with you,
 Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.
 My heart swells with tender regret,
 To leave your embraces so soon,
 Though Heaven my course must direct,
 And others succeed in my room.

- 2 Your acts of benevolence past,
 Your gentle, compassionate love,
 Henceforth in my memory shall last,
 Though far from your sight I remove
 While roving the wilds of the west,
 When through foreign regions I steer,
 Still friendship, inspiring my breast,
 Shall then drop her own native tear.

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 132.

- 8 Our labors will shortly subside,
 Our vigor and life must decay,
 But wisdom and truth shall abide,
 To pilot our souls on the way.
 As time rolls his seasons around,
 And truth shall new teachers inspire,
 Oh, may we in love still abound,
 And after new conquests aspire.
- 4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
 Till mortal commotions are past,
 Till nature and time are no more,
 Or we are in Paradise blest.
 Sweet comforting Spirit, draw near,
 And shed forth thy luminous rays,
 My parting reflections to cheer,
 And change lamentations to praise.
- 5 Oh, may we conform to his will,
 Aspiring for glory and peace,
 Our covenant vows to fulfil,
 Till Jesus shall sign our release;
 Till suddenly wafted above,
 Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
 To feel all the pleasures of love,
 And each happy conqueror greet.

246 6 lines 7s.—*Faithful Soldiers*.*

"SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK."

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best;
 Emblem of eternal rest.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 36.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the great Redeemer's name;
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee!
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear!
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste,
 Of our everlasting feast.

247 6 lines 7s.—*Parting Friend.*

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer;
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise
 Songs of holy joy and praise—
 Passing sweet that state must be,
 Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
 Antepasts to that above;
 While we worship in this place,
 May we go from grace to grace,
 Till we each, in his degree,
 Fit for endless glory be.

248

7s.

PENITENT THIEF

WHEN our Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died,
 One, with vile, blaspheming tongue,
 Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

- 2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death,
Perished—as too many do—
With the Saviour in his view.
- 8 But the other, moved by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
And, by faith, embraced his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
- 4 “Lord,” he prays, “remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.”
“Soon with me,” the Lord replies,
“Thou shalt be in Paradise.”
- 5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace, bestowed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus’ name,
You will find him still the same.
- 6 Oh! beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you hath died in vain.

249

JUDGMENT HYMN.

OH, there will be mourning, mourning,
mourning, mourning,

Oh, there will be mourning, at the judgment
seat of Christ :

Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

4 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

5 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will meet to part no more.

6 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7 Oh, there will be shouting, &c.

Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

250

L. M.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

THE RANSOMED SPIRIT.

THE ransomed spirit to her home,
 The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
 No more on stormy seas to roam,
 She hails her haven in the skies:
 But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
 That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
 There is no bliss in bowers above,
 If thou art absent, holy love!

- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
 Hath smote the harp with trembling
 hand:
 And one with incense-fire hath flown.
 To touch with flame the angel band;
 But tuneless is the quivering string,
 No melody can Gabriel bring,
 Mute are its arches, when above
 The harps of heaven wake not to love.
- 3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
 In harmony that soothes the soul;
 'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
 And when on thunders, thunders roll:
 That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
 It whispers to the bosom peace;
 Speak thou inspirer, from above,
 And cheer our hearts, celestial love!

251

TUNE—*Our bondage here will end.*

WHAT wondrous love is this, oh my soul!
 oh my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, oh my soul!

What wondrous love is this, that caused thee
Lord of bliss

To send this precious peace to my soul, to my
soul,

To send this precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, &c.

When I was sinking down, &c.

When I was sinking down beneath God's
righteous frown,

Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for
my soul,

Christ laid aside his crown, &c.

3 Ye wingéd seraphs fly, bear the news, bear
the news,

Ye wingéd seraphs, fly, &c.

Ye wingéd seraphs, fly, like comets through
the sky ;

Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.

Fill vast eternity, &c.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise,
&c.

Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.

Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,

And strike each tuneful string in his praise,

And strike each tuneful, &c.

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.

To God and to the Lamb, &c.

To God and to the Lamb, who is the great
I AM !

While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.

While millions join the theme, &c.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing
on, &c.

And when from death, &c.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and
joyful be,

And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.

And through eternity, &c.

252

11s.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will
not deplore thee;

Though sorrow and darkness encompass
the tomb,

The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
infold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the sinless
has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its man-
sion forsaken,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
long;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the
seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-
viour hath died.

253

C. M.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

- SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.
- 2 Upon this bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

254

BE KIND.—MARGARET COURTNEY.

BE kind to thy father—for when thou wer't
young,

Who loved thee so fondly as he?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,

And joined in thine innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,

His locks intermingled with gray,

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and
bold,

Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her
brow

May traces of sorrow be seen;

Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort
her now;

For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother—for thee will she
pray,

As long as God giveth her breath—

With accents of kindness, then, cheer her
lone way,

E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart will
have dearth,

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;

The flowers of feeling will fade at their
birth,

If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far,
 Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may
 know
 The depth of true sisterly love,
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.
 Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
 hours,
 And blessings thy pathway to crown,
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flow-
 ers,
 More precious than wealth or renown.

255

WATTS.

I'M tired with visits, modes, and forms,
 And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
 Their conversation cloy:
 Their vain amours are empty stuff:
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough
 Of thy blest company, my Lord, thou life of
 all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
 Through every vein my passions move,
 The captives of his tongue:
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
 I could attend the pleasing sound,
 Nor should I feel December's cold, nor think
 the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour God
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)

He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame;
And weep, and love, and bless the name,
That knew no guilt nor grief his own, but
bare it all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drowned in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart,
The cursed tree has blessings in 't, my sweet-
est balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on the cross he vanquished hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspired, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song:
How has the serpent lost his sting, and
where's thy victory, death?

6 But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with
more intense desire.

7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthened heart,
In every wo he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my
drooping head sustains.

256

8 lines 8s and 7s.

JESUS to every willing mind
Opens a heavenly treasure ;
In him the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure ;
See what employments men pursue ;
Then you will own my words are true,
Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

- 2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story :
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.
- 3 Learning, that boasting, glittering thing,
Scarcely is worth possessing :
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be called a blessing :
Fame, like a shadow, flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are free from trouble.
- 4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short are the triumphs wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble ;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire :
Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

257

S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 While he affords his aid,
 I'm free from every fear;
 Though I should walk through death's
 dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 4 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love,
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

258 8 lines 8s and 7s.—*Interrogation.**

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He whose words cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode:

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 40.

- On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

259

C. M.

HEBER.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
 And such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away ;
 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passions rage.

3 C thou, whose infancy was found
 With heavenly rays to shine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue
 crowned,
 Were all alike divine :
 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone ;
 In childhood, manhood, and in death,
 To keep us still thy own.

260

L. M.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
 The mountains to their center shake;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
 As once in lowliness he came;
 A silent Lamb before his foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
 With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm:
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind;
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who went to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppressed by power and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene—the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 "Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

261

12s, 8s.

"The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we
 are not saved."—JER. viii. 20.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the sum-
 mer is gone,
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
 When the beams cease to break of the sweet
 Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more;

When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
blow,

The gospel no message declare,
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wail-
ings of wo!

How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions o
peace

To dwell in the mansions above,
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of
bliss,

Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow en-
dure,

Or bear the impenitent's doom!

262

NOT YET.

TEN thousand times the sound "*Prepare*"

Struck on the sinner's heart of steel;
And starting from the world of care,

He strove his sorrow to conceal;
He rushed amid the glittering throng,

Where giddy hearts for pleasure met,

The warning came mid wine and song—

Mid wine and song he sighed, "*Not yet.*"

2 Among the multitudes he bowed,

Eager in search of wealth and fame;
Wealth soon was his—the waiting crowd
Gave willing honors to his name:

One thought of Heaven's broken laws
 Made him his years of sin regret ;
 He hurried from the world's applause,
 And told his God, "Not yet, not yet."

3 Blanched by disease, the smitten lay,
 A sinner on his couch of pain ;
 And wealth and fame, oh what are they,
 His wasted moments to regain ?
 Death's messenger was at his side,
 His seal upon his heart was set ;
 "Too late, alas ! too late !" he cried ;
 "Not yet, not yet, O Death ! not yet !"

263

NEARNESS TO GOD.

WHEN God is near,
 To quell the soul's commotion,
 And shed the sweet serene of true devotion ;
 Then clouds of grief will disappear,
 When God is near.

2 When God is near—
 The heart, with sorrow swelling,
 Pours out its grief—its tale of anguish telling ;
 And mercy wipes each trickling tear,
 When God is near.

264

SONG OF PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

CREATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
 Divine Intercessor above,
 Oh, where shall the song of thy praises begin,
 Or how shall I speak of thy love ?
 Heaven is telling,
 And earth is revealing
 What wonders thy mercy can prove.

- 2 And do I not love thee, O Saviour divine
The chief of ten thousands to me?
Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
Whose effulgence no mortal can see;
Angels shall bless thee,
And men shall confess thee,
All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.
- 6 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom,
and power,
The glory and honor supreme;
Forever and ever my soul would adore
The unspeakable worth of thy name:
Forever and ever,
O glorious Saviour,
I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

265

HEAVEN.

- FRIEND after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

266

L. M.

- FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire!
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand,
In fragrant rows, at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs by thy side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

267

Funeral.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

STOOP down, my thoughts that used
to rise,

Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, oh, the soul, that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My trembling soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for the command,
To crumble into dust.

C. M.

268

A THOUGHT OF DEATH AND GLORY.

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down, and view
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load,
And long for evening, to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

Montgomery.

269

REV. DR. GILMAN, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Ode for the Fourth of July.—The Union.

HAIL, our country's natal morn!
Hail, our spreading kindred born!
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!
While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot's song,
Shall not we the notes prolong?
Hallowed jubilee!

- 2 Who would sever freedom's shrine?
 Who would draw the invidious line?
 Though by birth one spot be mine,
 Dear is all the rest—
 Dear to me the South's fair land,
 Dear the Central mountain band,
 Dear New England's rocky strand,
 Dear the prairied West.
- 8 By our altars pure and free,
 By our law's deep-rooted tree,
 By the past's dread memory,
 By our Washington—
 By our common kindred tongue,
 By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,
 By the tie of country strong,
 We will still be one.
- 4 Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
 Ages, must ye droop again?
 Maker, shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by thee?
 No! Receive our solemn vow,
 While before thy throne we bow,
 Ever to maintain as now,
 "Union—Liberty!"

270

L. M.—*Duane-street.*

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay:
 I had no power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was
gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warmed, I clothed, and cheered my guest
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment;—he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die :
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will !"
7 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew ;
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes !
He spake, and my poor name he named—
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

271

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

- MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity begone ;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

272

*The Happy Few.**

THE MUSICIAN.—C. WESLEY.

- THOU God of harmony and love,
 Whose name transports the saints above,
 And lulls the ravished spheres;
 On thee in feeble strains I call,
 And mix my humble voice with all
 The heavenly choristers.
- 2 If well I know the tuneful art,
 To captivate a human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be thine:
 A servant of thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill
 To sound thy praise divine.
- 3 With Tubal's wretched sons, no more
 I dedicate my sacred power
 To please the fiends beneath;
 Or modulate the wanton lay,
 Or smooth with music's hand the way
 To everlasting death.
- 4 Suffice for this the season past—
 I come, great God, to learn, at last,
 The lessons of thy grace;
 Teach me the new, the gospel song,
 And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
 Move only to thy praise.
- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And let my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the Psalmist's part:
 His Son and thine reveal in me;
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 146.

- 6 So shall I charm the listening throng,
And draw the living stones along,
By Jesus' tuneful name:
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies—
The *New Jerusalem*.
- 7 Oh, might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above!
Mixed with the bright musician band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love!
- 8 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the flowing joys!
What more than ecstasy, when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At Jesus' glorious voice!
- 9 Jesus! the heaven of heaven he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss;
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.
- 10 Oh, might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three One;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

273

2 8s and 4 7s.

PARTING WORDS.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go:
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears:
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3 We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard—'tis hard to part:
While I sigh, "Farewell" to you:
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."

4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight:
Walls of earth no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither—come and see.

274

DEAD MARCH IN THE ORATORIO OF SAUL.

- UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed
 the dead;
 Rest here, dear saint, till, from his throne,
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust,—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

275

C. M.

HEBER.

- THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair,
 Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
 But heaven has placed it there.
- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,
 Or leaf of lowliest mien,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But heavén gave it birth.

- 4 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean's deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
 For God is everywhere.

276 *Fourth of July.—Our Native Land.*

EPES SARGENT.

- GOD bless our native land,
 Prosper the toiling band
 Of every clime.
 Bid all good efforts speed,
 Whether by word or deed,
 Till all mankind are freed
 From want and crime.
- 2 Oh, if to earth is given,
 One certain type of heaven,
 One sacred fire,
 'Tis when the kindling sign
 Of charity divine
 Glows in the human mind,
 Glows to inspire.
- 3 Then, Lord, our fathers' Lord
 Thy gracious smile accord,
 Thy Spirit send;
 Quicken our faltering zeal,
 May we, in we or weal,
 For others' sufferings feel,
 Feel and befriend.
- 4 We of ourselves are weak,
 But in thy love we seek
 Wisdom and might;
 All that is good in art,
 Thou and thy works impart—
 Grateful be every heart—
 God speed the right.

277 4 10s.—*Babylonian Captivity.*

A LONG the banks where Babel's current
flows,

Our captive bands in deep despondence
strayed,

While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the
dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we
strung, [the lay,

When praise employed, and mirth inspired
In mournful silence on the willows hung;

And growing grief prolonged the tedious
day.

3 The barbarous tyrants, to increase the wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's
name.

4 But how in heathen chains, and lands un-
known,

Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?

C hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,

Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall
cease.

[calls,
6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;

His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

278

Angels' Welcome.

W. H.

SAINTS of God! what glories meet **ye**,
 As, from flesh released, ye fly
 Home to heaven, where angels greet **ye**,
 With a welcome to the sky.

CHORUS.

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Welcome to your home on high.*

- 2** Warriors, all your wars are ended,
 All your strife and all your pain;
 Foes with which you late contended,
 Grace, triumphant grace hath slain.

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Never shall they harm again.*

- 3** Pilgrims, ye have ceased to wander;
 Many a weary step ye trod;
 Henceforth rest ye; blazing yonder
 See the glorious mount of God!

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Welcome to our bright abode.*

- 4** Mourners, ye have ceased your sighing,
 All your days of sorrow o'er;
 Sickness, weeping, pain or dying,
 Ye shall never witness more;

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome to our happy shore.*

- 5 Ye are not unknown in glory—
 We have watched o'er all your ways;
 And the *saints* who came before ye,
 Ye shall greet in fond embrace.

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Welcome to this holy place.*

- 6 Welcome here to dwell forever,
 Washed in Jesus' cleansing blood,
 Never shall ye wander, never
 Leave again this blest abode.

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Ever welcome, saints of God!*

279

C. M.

VANITY.—C. WEYE.

- WHEN I look o'er the waste of years,
 My weary feet have passed,
 I find my progress wet with tears,
 And dark from first to last:
 The sun that lights the morning sky,
 Sinks down again at eve;
 Thus hope sometimes illumines the eye,
 Then leaves the heart to grieve.
- 2 This head has worn a regal crown,
 On Israel's throne erewhile;
 Destruction waited on my frown,
 And fortune on my smile;
 I sought to fill my breast with mirth,
 From dance, and song, and wine;
 But vain were all the joys of earth,
 To light this heart of mine.

- 3 I gathered wealth from many a mart,
 Built many a towering fane;
 But soon experience told my heart
 That these were all in vain.
 I gave my mind with ardent zest
 To wisdom's varied lore;
 And found that knowledge lights the
 breast,
 To make it ache the more.
- 4 At last, while bitter tears I shed,
 To heaven I raised my prayer;
 And found, when earthly joys are fled,
 There still is comfort there:
 A star that sheds a radiance bright,
 O'er life's tumultuous wave—
 And He who guides him by its light,
 Shall safely pass the grave.

280

Star-spangled Banner.

C. COOKE.

OH say, can you see by the truth's holy light,
 What the fathers once hailed, in the
 world's early being,
 When for sin, o'er our race, hung the mantle
 of night—
 What God, for our weal, was in mercy de-
 creeing?
 The banner unfurl'd which shall conquer the
 world,
 When sin shall be vanquish'd—to darkness
 be hurl'd:
 Oh, the cross is that banner, and long may it
 wave,
 Till Jesus lead captive both death and the
 grave.

2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the
darkness that reigned,
And man seemed enchanted in slumbers
reposing ;
But the prophets their message of mercy pro-
claimed,
The banner of peace though obscurely dis-
closing :
Oft it seemed to unfurl o'er the clouds as they
rolled,
And the day brightly dawned by the prophets
foretold ;
When the blood-stainéd banner in triumph
shall wave
Over earth and the sea, over death and the
grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly
swore
By the gods whom he worshipped, that
darkness should rule us ;
No home should await us where angels adore,
But death and the grave should together
control us ?
He has trembled with fear, and will flee in
despair,
Like the lion the archers have chased to his
lair ;
And our banner in triumph continues to
wave,
And triumph it must over death and the
grave.

4 Thus will it be ever while Christians shall
stand
Near the cross, and remember their high
destination :

Bless'd with victory and peace, this invincible band

Shall shout when the Lord has renew'd all creation!

For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,

And this is their motto, "*In God is our trust.*"

Oh, their banner in glory, in triumph shall wave,

When lost is the power of death and the grave.

281

L. M.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

2 Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet, engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm!

3 Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

4 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright, celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul

5 At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

6 Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain;
 Rise when the host of heaven expire,
 And reign with God, forever reign.

282

Sweet Home.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow or care,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
 prayer;

It seizes,—soothes,—softens,—subdues, yet
 sustains,

Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

*Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.*

2 When forced from the friend we hold dear-
 est to part,

What fond recollections yet cling to the heart!
 Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments
 are there—

Oh! how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by
 prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's
 arms,

The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms
 We listen—love—loiter—are caught in th
 snare;

On looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers
 to bliss;

Heaven pours its first streams through no
 medium but this;

And till we the joys of the seraphim share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by
prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

283

THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED.

OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away—
For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given,—
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heaven.

284

*The Rock.**

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

IN seasons of grief, to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelméd with sor-
row and care,
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I
cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 168.

2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
good,

I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth
shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear rock that is higher than I.

285

SECOND PART.—W. D. L.

WHEN my soul is distressed and my com-
forts are flown,
To my Saviour I'll go and my sorrows make
known;

In secret devotion, to Him will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

2 Though my friends may forsake me, and
foes all unite
To hedge up my pathway and fears to excite;
On the strength of Jehovah I'll firmly rely,
Still screened by the rock that is higher than I.

3 Should sickness o'ertake me, and pain be
severe,

And none be about me my spirit to cheer;
I'll hang on my Saviour until I shall die,
Sustained by the rock that is higher than I.

4 And when I have finished my labor and
 care,
 Bright angels my soul on their pinions shall
 bear,
 To my home in the kingdom of glory on high,
 To dwell by the rock that is higher than I.

286

SLEEP.—A JUVENILE SONG.

COME, gentle sleep, these eyelids close,
 My spirit longs for sweet repose;
 Within her golden chamber
 Let weary memory slumber.

2 But ah! if o'er these sleep-bound eyes
 No earthly morn again should rise;
 If death should steal around me
 When silent sleep hath bound me—

3 Oh, may a fairer, brighter light,
 Break sweetly through death's darksome
 night,
 And bring the cloudless dawning
 Of heaven's eternal morning.

287

8 lines 8s.

THE TEAR.

THERE is a tear of sweet relief,
 A tear of rapture and of grief:
 The feeling heart alone can know,
 What soft emotions bid it flow.
 It is when memory charms the mind,
 With tender images refined:
 'Tis when her magic spells restore
 Departed friends, and joys no more.

- 2 There is an hour—a pensive hour—
 And oh! how dear its soothing power!
 It is when twilight spreads her vail,
 And steals along the silent dale;
 'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
 And all is silence and repose:
 Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn
 The days that never can return.

4 7s.—*Harrison.*

288 “EARTH TO EARTH AND DUST TO DUST.”—G. CROLY.

“EARTH to earth and dust to dust!”
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid.

- 2 Here the vassal and the king,
 Side by side, lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust;
 “Earth to earth and dust to dust.”
- 3 Age on age shall roll along,
 O’er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, those that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.
- 4 Song of peace or battle’s roar
 Ne’er shall break their slumbers more:
 Death shall keep his solemn trust:
 “Earth to earth and dust to dust.”
- 5 But a day is coming fast—
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil:
- 6 It shall come in empire’s groans,
 Burning temples, trampled thrones;
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
 “Earth to earth and dust to dust.”

- 7 Then shall in the desert rise,
 Fruits of more than paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of our God.
- 8 Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
 Through a glorious thousand years;
 Now in hope of Him we trust:
 "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

289

THE BETTER LAND.

- I** HEAR thee speak of a better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother, oh! where is that distant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, sigh no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle
 boughs?
 Not there, not there, my child;
 Not there, not there, my child.
- 2 Is it far away in some region old,
 Where rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 And the bright rays of the valleys shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine;
 And the pearl glows forth from the coral
 strand—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
 Not there, not there, my child;
 Not there, not there, my child.
- 3 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time may not breathe on its faultless
bloom;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the
tomb;
'Tis there, 'tis there, my child;
'Tis there, 'tis there, my child.

290

A CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

WITHIN the tented grove,
The followers of the Lamb
Are met to sing his love,
And glorify his name:
Believers, let your prayers ascend
To him who is the sinner's friend.

2 The Lord of Hosts is here—
His banner floats on high,
He lends a listening ear
To catch the feeblest cry:
It will prevail: ye need not fear,
If uttered from a heart sincere.

3 Send every vain desire,
Each trifling thought, away;
And no unhallowed fire
Upon the altar lay;
Let holy zeal and humble love
In every Christian bosom move.

4 Oh, let the fervent prayer
Like incense sweetly rise,
And on its pinions bear
Our offering to the skies;
Through every bosom let it thrill,
And every heart with rapture fill.

5 Save, Lord ! on thee we call,
 Oh, save a guilty race—
 We at thy footstool fall,
 To seek thy heavenly grace;
 Mercy to sinners freely give,
 And bid them now repent and live.

291

9s, 10s.

VERNAL HYMN.—W. H.

OH bless the Lord ! for the shining sun,
 For the balmy air, and the brooks that
 run
 Their rippling way, to the briny deep,
 Where the proud ships sail, and the storm-
 clouds weep.

2 Oh bless the Lord ! for the cool pure fount,
 For the meadows green and the wood-clad
 mount ;
 For eve's calm sky and her ruddy hue,
 For the morn's sweet breath and her silver
 dew.

3 Oh bless the Lord ! for the flowers in bloom,
 For their living tints and high perfume ;
 For grass and leaves, and for each green
 thing,
 Scattered round in grace by the queen of
 spring.

4 Oh bless the Lord ! for the warbled strains,
 Rising up in joy from the woods and plains ;
 They teach us love and they teach us praise :
 Happy birds, we'll join in your wild sweet
 lays.

5 Oh bless the Lord ! for the earth and sky,
 And for all the stars hung around on high !
 They light the way to a happier sphere :
 May we sing up there when our songs end
 here !

292

AN EVENING HYMN.

- SEE the shadows thickly stealing,
 O'er the sunny brow of day !
 Hark ! the bell's deep solemn pealing
 In the air has died away !
 Come, ere sleep
 Unnerve our vigor,
 Let us for protection pray !
- 2 From the robber, from the madness
 Of the all-devouring fire,
 From a troubled spirit's sadness,
 From the plague's unpitying ire,
 Save us, Lord !
 Good Lord, deliver !
 Thou whose mercies never tire !
- 3 Jesus ! Saviour ! lowly bending
 At the footstool of thy might,
 Let thy love, our darkness ending,
 Robe us in thy garb of light !
 Guide us here,
 And then forever
 Place us on thy glory's height.

293

L. M.

W. H.

THE stars ! the stars ! those lamps of light,
 Gemming the vaulted hall of night ;
 Bright are their fires, kindled each even,
 To light us to a brighter heaven.

- 2 This world's a sea, a dangerous sea,
Where clouds and storms and breakers be,
When night spreads terror o'er the wave,
Who shall the trembling sailor save?
- 3 Lift up thy heart, lift up thine eye,
Behold those vestal flames on high;
Tended and fed by angel bands,
The light-house fires of their own lands.
- 4 They wait—those angel spirits wait,
Our pilots through death's dreadful strait;
To welcome us, our voyage o'er,
Happy as they to their blest shore.
- 5 Shine on, ye stars, forever shine,
Glowing in beauty all divine!
Worthies, to other ages given,
Looked on your fires, and thought of
heaven.
- 6 To heaven they sped, and there they glow,
Brighter than ye, on us below;
We follow on through clouds of tears
To join the music of their spheres.

294

*Life let us cherish.**

LIFE let us cherish while yet the taper
glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close;
In vain we seek for earthly bliss,
The plants of joy, the fruits of peace,
Can never grow in soil like this;
Place all thy hopes in heaven.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 83.

- 2 Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
 And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close :
 The heart in vain to riches clings :
 Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings,
 And when possessed no comfort brings :
 Lay up thy wealth in heaven.
- 8 Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
 And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close .
 Set not thy heart on earthly fame,
 Its highest gift's an empty name,
 That quickly fades or ends in shame :
 True glory comes from heaven.

295 4 8s and 2 6s.—*The Happy Few.**

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

- O H thou, the helpless orphan's hope,
 To whom alone my soul looks up,
 In each distressing hour :
 Father, for that's the sweetest name,
 That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
 Instruct my heart to pray.
- 2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
 And no attentive ear is nigh,
 But thine, to mark my wo—
 No hand to wipe away my tears,
 No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
 Remains to me below.
- 8 To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
 And thither are my wishes flown,
 But I continue here :
 But thou art patron, friend, and guide,
 To those who have no hope beside,
 And what have I to fear ?

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 46.

- 4 If I am spared throughout the span
That makes the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age,
Instruct me in thy holy will,
Teach me the duties to fulfil
Of each successive stage.

But if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulcher for me,
Father, thy will be done ;
Upon my Saviour I rely,
And let me live or let me die,
My heart be thine alone.

296

L. M.

- SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing my Saviour's dying love,
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful choirs above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dew's descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars ;
So soft to your Almighty Friend
Be every sigh your bosom pours :
- 3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid car of day
That wide proclaims its Maker God
- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be ;
So true let your sorrows roll
To Him who bled upon the tree.

297

8 7s.—*Benevento.*

FOR NEW-YEAR.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

8 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

298

S. M.

O H, where shall rest be found?
 Rest to the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 This world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unnumbered by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
- 5 Oh, God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun;
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest:—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality.

299

*Concert.**

Valedictory for a Singing-school, or Concert.

W. H.

IN this glad employ,
 Many moments of joy
 Have we measured in harmony true;
 The time rolled along,
 Like a sweet varied song,
 And with sighs we pronounce an adieu.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 109.

2 Adieu: may we meet,
 For a glorious repeat,
 In the church on Mount Zion above!
 There angels shall join
 In the concert divine,
 And the chorus of all shall be love.

300 6 10s.—*Days of my youth.*

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away;
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and
 gray;
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no
 more;
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all
 o'er;
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are
 flown.

2 Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should
 fall;
 Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have
 been;
 Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me
 astray;
 Strength of my youth, why lament your
 decay?

8 Days of my age, ye will shortly be passed;
 Pains of my age, yet awhile may ye last;
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold
 sod?
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

301

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

W. H.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven,
From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in
heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart
bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering
dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark
even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

7 Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the bride says
“ come ! ”

Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

302

L. M. D.—*Wakefield*.*

W. H.

THERE comes a day, a fearful day,
When earth and heaven shall flee away,
When, flaming on his great white throne,
Nought shall be seen but God alone :
The myriad crowds from every clime
Shall gaze upon that throne sublime,
The great and small, the quick and dead,
Shall shout for joy or quake with dread.

2 Oh ! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness ?—
The triune God, the lofty Lord,
Who, by his own omnific word,
Made thousand thousand worlds to be ;—
He speaks again ; and lo ! they flee.

3 When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
In lawless terror, through the sky ;
When thrones and powers celestial fall
Before the glorious ALL IN ALL ;—
Oh ! how shall I, of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze,
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze !

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 89.

- 4 Father Eternal! God of love!
Look down from mercy's seat above;
Through Jesus now be reconciled
To me, a wayward wandering child:
Be thou, O Christ, my stay, my trust,
And when I moulder into dust,
And when I rise from dust again,
Be mine, my God—amen—amen.

303

8s and 7s.—*Sansom*.*

W. H.

- THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.
- 2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror:
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!
- 3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried, "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me"

*Minstrel of Zion, p. 107.

Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
 My Saviour stood before me;
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, "GLORY! GLORY!"

- 1 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee:
 And when from earth I rise, to soar
 Up to my home in heaven;
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

304

12s and 11s.—*The Eden above.**

W. H.

- W**E'RE bound for the land of the pure and
 the holy,
 The home of the happy—the kingdom of
 love;
 Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of
 folly,
 Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
 Will you go? will you go?
 Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor
 anguish
 Can breathe in the fields where the glo-
 rified rove;
 Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery lan-
 guish,
 Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
 Will you go? &c.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 94.

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression

Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there—not a shade of transgression:

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

4 No poverty there;—no, the saints are all wealthy,

The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;

Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy:

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

5 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,

Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;

Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

6 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,

And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;

Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

We will go, we will go:

Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

7 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee ;

We halt yet a moment, as onward we move ;
Oh, come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,

And bear thee along to the Eden above :

Will you go ? &c.

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

8 Methinks thou art now, in thy wretchedness saying,

Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience remove ?

No other but Jesus ;—then come to him praying,

Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above ;

Will you go ? will you go ?

At last, will you go to the Eden above ?

305

*Give me Jesus.**

B. & H.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of wo,
Where streams of sorrow flow,

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—

Give me Jesus—

You may have all this world—

Give me Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When, pressed by grief, I sigh,
Still this shall be my cry,

Give me Jesus, &c.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 51.

- 3 When to the mercy-seat
I go, my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 4 And when my faith is tried,
In Him I will confide,
And all the storms outside:—
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through Him I shall prevail:—
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 7 When at the judgment-seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus, &c.

IN pure and fervent devotion,
O Lord, I bow at thy throne;
Fill me with holy emotion,
And make me fully thine own:
Come, come, come, Lord,
And make me fully thine own.

- 2 Grant me my longing desire,
 Conform to thy blessed will;
 With zeal my soul set on fire;
 With peace and purity fill:
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 With peace and purity fill.
- 3 Speak, Lord, if now thou art near me;
 I wait the sound of thy voice;
 From thee one whisper can cheer me,
 And make my spirit rejoice:
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 And make my spirit rejoice.
- 4 I would be perfectly thine own;
 Jesus, respond to my call:
 And be thou perfectly mine own,
 My Saviour, Friend, Brother, and all;
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 Be Saviour, Friend, Brother, and all.

307

L. M.—*Sinners' way.**

IN error's ways you vainly roam,
 They lead you not to peace or home;
 Why will you toil and labor so,
 To miss of heaven and plunge in wo?

CHORUS.

*Eternal wisdom cries,
 Haste, sinner, to be wise;
 Forsake your sins without delay,
 And taste the Saviour's love to-day.*

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 114.

- 2 The path in which you madly tread,
With clouds and gloom is overspread;
Bestrewed with every secret snare,
And ravenous beasts are prowling there.
Chorus.
- 3 Every successive step you take,
But nears you to the burning lake:
Each day your souls in sin remain,
Bespeaks eternal years of pain.
Chorus.
- 4 And what reward can Satan give,
That thus his slave, his drudge you live?
Were you his sole, his chosen heir,
Say, would you choose his throne to share?
Chorus.
- 5 Would you with the foulest fiends resort,
Mid flames sulphureous hold your court,
Harassed with God's enduring ire,
The vengeance of eternal fire? *Chorus.*
- 6 Satan could do no more than this,
Were all his aim your only bliss;
A throne in hell! a crown of shame!
A royal couch of livid flame! *Chorus.*
- 7 But as the coiling serpent lies;
As gleam the tiger's burning eyes;
As springs the panther on his prey,
So Satan lurks your souls to slay.
Chorus.
- 8 Not so our Master—Christ the Lord
Bestows on us the high reward;
Eternal glory—crowns more bright
Than deck the first-born sons of light.
Chorus.

308

8s and 7s.—*Lemon.*

FOR THE ALTAR.—L. & H.

BRETHREN, here are mourners pleading
 For the mercy of the Lord :
 Come, and for them, interceding,
 All your promised help afford.

CHORUS.

*Hear them, like Bartimeus crying,
 Who is this that passes by ?
 Jesus ! Jesus ! Son of David !
 Mercy grant, or else I die.*

2 Have you not a prayer to offer ?
 Can you not their sorrows feel ?
 Think on what their souls must suffer,
 Till the Lord their blindness heal.
Chorus.

3 They have come to Christ their Saviour,
 All their sins on him were laid :
 While they supplicate his favor,
 Cheer them with your promised aid.
Chorus.

4 Cannot two be found agreeing,
 Touching what you seek from heaven ?
 Hear ye not the Saviour saying,
 Ask in faith, it shall be given ?

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Saviour !
 Who has died that we may live ;
 In his name we now find favor,
 And the blind their sight receive.*

- 5 Open now your eyes and view him ;
 Blind they are, but they shall see ;
 Hark ! he bids you hasten to him ;
 Jesus says, " Come unto me."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 6 Now we join our cheerful voices,
 And the loud hosanna raise ;
 While the angel-throng rejoices,
 Loftier be our notes of praise.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah ! Judah's Lion
 Leads the conquering hosts along ,
 Lo ! the pearly gates of Zion
 Rise in echo to our song.*

309

C. M.

- R**ELIGION is the balm of life,
 Its healing virtues feel :
 It calms the soul and quells all strife ;
 It melts the heart of steel.
- 2 Religion can the leper cure,
 It gives the blind his sight ;
 The lame it makes to walk secure,
 And darkness turns to light.
- 3 Religion makes the dumb to speak,
 The deaf may hear its voice ;
 The man his withered hand may reach,
 The broken heart rejoice.
- 4 Religion breaks the bonds of death,
 It bids the sleeper rise ;
 It gives the palsied sinner health,
 And all his wants supplies.

- 5 Religion will the passions chide,
 The stubborn will control :
 It calms our fears, expels our pride,
 And sanctifies the soul.
- 6 Religion will through life sustain ;
 And, after death has given
 Its lingering gasp and latest pang,
 Will take us home to heaven.

310

4 8s and 2 6s.

- M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole ;
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly :
 " Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 That you must groan and die !"
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly house must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink to endless night.
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath !
 The Lord of nature only knows
 Whether another year shall close
 Ere I expire in death.

- 5 Long ere the sun has run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
In silence there to rot :
Alas ! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name wellnigh forgot.
- 6 But will my soul be then extinct ?
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
No, my immortal cannot die ;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend ?
Will Jesus be the sinner's friend,
And heaven thy dwelling-place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace ?
- 8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present state are known—
There is no middle state :
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.
- 9 Oh, do not pass this as a dream !
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
To poor, unthinking man ;
Lord, at thy footstool would I bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.
- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high ;

Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
As I would fear to die.

311

*The Eden of Love.**

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that
 await me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
 greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the
 blest!
Encircled with light, and with glory en-
 shrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-
 clouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight thro' the Eden of
 love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned
 celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions ter-
 restrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise:
Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
 heaven,
My soul shall respond, "To Immanuel be
 given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden
 of love.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 186.

3 Then, hail, blesséd state ! hail, ye songsters
of glory !

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you
above,

And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,

Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's
love ;

Though prisoned in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation

Of joys that await me, when freed from pro-
bation :

My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of
love.

312

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

I'LL sing my Saviour's grace, and his dear
name I'll praise,

While in this land of sorrow I remain ;

My troubles soon will end, and my soul
ascend,

When freed from this dull clog of cumber-
ous clay.

2 A pilgrim here below, while in this vale of
wo,

I live in exile, mourning like a dove ;

My days in sorrow roll, and my weary scul,
With earnest longings, pants to mount
above.

3 Tho' few my days have been, much trouble
have I seen,

And deep afflictions I have waded through ;

For thorny is the way to eternal day ;

Yet forward will I press, and onward go.

- 4 Another day is gone, and yon declining
sun
Has vail'd his radiant beams in sable
shades,
While gloomy darkness reigns o'er the exten-
sive plains,
And awful silence closes up the scene.
- 5 Thus rapid flies away every succeeding
day,
And life's declining light draws to a close;
Thus life's short setting sun will soon in
death go down,
And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.
- 6 On eagle wings of love, then I shall mount
above,
And find my passage safe to endless day;
Then happy, sweet surprise, what great new
wonders rise!
When freed from this dull clog of cumber-
ous clay.
- 7 Oh, what a glorious sight! and what
supreme delight
Will strike my raptured soul, when I
behold—
When Salem's gates I see, open wide to me,
And streets of glittering, new, transparent
gold!
- 8 But oh! and shall I then behold the Friend
of men,
The man who suffered, bled, and died for
me?
Who bore my load of sin, sorrow, grief, and
pain,
To make me happy, and to set me free.

- 9 To living fountains then, and rich pastures
 green,
 To trees of paradise he leads his lambs;
 While millions, falling down, prostrate all
 around,
 And at his footstool cast their glittering
 crowns.
- 10 Ye heavenly arches ring! sing hallelujah,
 sing,
 Hail holy, holy, holy, bleeding Lamb;
 Once I was dead in sin, now I live again,
 And glory, glory, glory to his name!

313

L. M.—*Supplication.**

W. H.

- MY Lord, my Life, at last to thee,
 The sinner's Friend, for aid I flee;
 No other help, nor hope have I;
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 2 Thy name is love—to me make known
 The grace for which I pant and groan,
 Thou only canst that grace supply;
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 3 My guilt I own—'tis wholly mine,
 The power to save is only thine;
 Canst thou that saving power deny?
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 4 I weep, I mourn—but how can tears
 Wash out the hardened guilt of years?
 I only on thy blood rely;
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 102

- 5 To save my soul didst thou not bleed ?
 Dost thou not live to intercede ?
 My Friend, my Advocate on high,
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die ?
- 6 Oh no, oh no—my soul shall live,
 And Christ shall all the praise receive—
 Shall live his grace to testify—
 Thou wilt not let the sinner die.

314

Erin.

W. H.

WHILE in this hostile region,
 Where foes surround and friends are
 few,

Oh, give me pure religion,
 To cheer me on my journey through;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 The soul in true religion finds !
 How few know, what joys flow,
 In living streams to pious minds !
 They drink those streams on earth below,
 But when to that bright world they go,
 And stand on Zion's holy mount,
 They drink them gushing from the fount.

- 2 When life and light are waning,
 And death's dark night is coming on,
 On Jesus' bosom leaning,
 I'll rest me till the morning dawn :
 Victorious and glorious
 The saints shall then together rise—
 Adoring and soaring,
 Shall rise to realms beyond the skies

The world ne'er saw a morn like this—
 How will it break in beams of bliss
 To God's redeemed, who mount on high
 No more to mourn—no more to die!

315

“*Field of Battle.*”*

W. H.

FIRMLY, brethren, firmly stand,
 All united, heart and hand,
 One unbroken, valiant band,
 Dauntless, brave, and true;

CHORUS.

*Die in the field of battle,
 Die in the field of battle,
 Die in the field of battle.
 Glory in your view.*

2 Lift your standard, lift it high,
 Raise the Christian battle-cry,
 Christ, your glorious leader, nigh,
 Calls aloud to you—

Die in the field of battle, &c.

3 Once our father freemen cried,
 “Victory or death” betide;
 But with Jesus on our side,
 Death and vict’ry too;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

4 There to die the battle won,
 There to fall the warfare done,
 Glory brighter than the sun,
 Then our promised due:
Die in the field of battle, &c.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 96.

5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
 And with Christ to reign on high;
 There with victor hosts to cry,
 Christ hath brought us through:
Die in the field of battle, &c.

6 Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
 Quells the dark satanic host;
 Fall we then, each at his post—
 Fall as Christians do;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

316

*Troubadour.**

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

HAPPY the spirit released from its clay;
 Happy the soul that goes bounding
 away;

Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
 Victory! victory! homeward I rise.

2 Many the toils it has passed through be-
 low,

Many the seasons of trial and wo;
 Many the doubtings it never should sing
 Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

3 There lies the wearisome body at rest;
 Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
 Victory! victory! sings in its flight.

4 While we are weeping our friends gone
 from earth,
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth:
 Welcome, oh welcome to our happy shore;
 Victory! victory! weep ye no more.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 12.

5 How can we wish them recalled from their
home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles be-
neath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.

6 Thus let them slumber, till Christ, from
the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the
tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!

317

*Troubadour.**

"JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY."—W. H.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits
above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that
shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 12.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me
low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

318

C. M.—*Devotion.*

W. D. L.

COME, trembling sinner, from thy seat,
And bow before the Lord:
Fall as a mourner at his feet,
And hang upon his word.

2 Why should you stray and cease to strive,
Or drive your fears away,
Since you may come to Christ, and live
In that eternal day?

3 Oh, why let sin allure your heart,
Or fill your souls with pain?
Can you with every blessing part,
Eternal wo to gain?

4 Come, while you may, to Christ and live,
For life will soon be done;
Oh, come, and to the Saviour give
That guilty heart of stone.

- 5 No longer vain excuses frame,
But venture as you are :
The dumb, the blind, the halt, the lame,
May all his blessings share.
- 6 Come, if thou canst or canst not feel,
Come, trusting in his grace ;
He will the work of pardon seal,
On all who seek his face.
- 7 Come, while the voice of Jesus calls,
In accents full and clear ;
And mercy's sweetest language falls
Inviting on thine ear.
- 8 The Saviour stands, thy cause to plead,
Before the throne above ;
Come, in thine hour of greatest need,
And feel his pardoning love.

319

L. M.

WHEN morning pours its golden rays
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of light and life, to thee.

- 2 When night from heaven steals darkly
down,
And throws its robe o'er lawn and lea ;
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to thee.
- 3 If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joy or sorrow brim the eye,
Father in heaven, I turn to thee.

320

*The Sunset Tree.**

W. H.

LOVE! love! love!

Love for the fallen weak!—
From the realms of joy he fled,
The lost in sin to seek,
And to bring to life the dead;
He left his glorious throne,
And his angel hosts above,
And claimed us for his own:
It was love, unbounded love.

2 Love! love! love! .

Love for the sick and faint!—
'Twas love his footsteps moved
Where sorrow dwelt he went,
And the poor his friendship proved;
The haunts of grief he sought,
And the dungeons of despair;
And oh! what deeds he wrought
For the sick and dying there!

3 Love! love! love!

Love on the cross displayed!
The Prince of Life to bleed!
In death's damp prison laid!—
It was love, pure love indeed!
For us from death arose!—
He arose and went on high—
He triumphed o'er our foes,
And he lives no more to die.

4 Love! love! love!

Love on the throne of heaven!
He changes not his name;

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 126.

All power to him is given,
 And his love is still the same;
 And we shall share his throne,
 For he died and lives for this;
 Bright heaven shall be our own—
 An eternity of bliss!

321 11, 11, 12, 12.—*Bower of Prayer.* *

W. H.

"Tell my brethren of the Pittsburgh Conference that I died at my post."—*Dying words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.*

A WAY from his home and the friends of
 his youth,
 He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
 For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the
 lost;
 Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his
 post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's
 brightest bloom,
 One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
 For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
 And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was
 done;—
 he battle was fought, and the victory won:
 But he whispered of those whom his heart
 clung to most,
 "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my
 post."

* *Minstrel of Zion*, p. 77, or p. 168, or p. 176.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with
verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits re-
hearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the
ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died
at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has
reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh! no, they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our
post.

322

*Bower of Prayer.**

"WO, WO, TO THE SINNER."—W. H.

WO, wo, to the sinner, who lives in his sin;
Unrighteous without and unholy within:
Each thought of his heart and each look of
his eye
Is tainted with sin:—and his doom is to die.

2 Wo, wo, to the sinner; his hopes, bright,
but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to
pain;
To whom in the day of distress will he fly?
Forsaken of God;—and his doom is to die.

* Minstrel of Zion, p. 77.

3 Wo, wo, to the sinner; his deeds of dark
 night
 Shall all be revealed by eternity's light;
 Like spectres of horror shall each meet his
 eye;
 Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4 Wo, wo, to the sinner, who lives at his ease,
 Expecting long years of enjoyment and peace;
 His barns he may build, and his hopes may
 be high,
 But God hath declared that his doom is to
 die.

5 Wo, wo, to the sinner, in gaudy array,
 Who feasts in profusion from day unto day;
 For water, alas! soon in vain will he cry,
 Tormented in flames:—for his doom is to die.

6 Wo, wo, to the sinner, who will not repent;
 To hell shall his sin-burdened spirit be sent;
 Forever in that fearful prison to lie—
 No hope for him there:—oh! his doom is to
 die.

O H! no, we cannot sing the song
 Formed for Jehovah's praise;
 Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
 To Zion's gladsome lays.
 They bid us be in mirthful mood,
 And dry these tears so sad;
 But Judah's hearths are desolate,
 And how can we be glad?

- 2 Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
Are hung, on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see—
But can we e'er forget?
Jerusalem, thy banished ones
Prove anguish and regret,
But Heaven's own curse shall rest on them
If thee they e'er forget.

324

C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.

- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

- 6 "Father, I've sinned, but oh, forgive!"
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

325

JERUSALEM! BUILT GRANDLY HIGH.—*W. E.

- JERUSALEM! built grandly high,
Above the storms of wo!
My bounding soul to thee would fly,
Nor longer stay below;
Far over mountain, over vale,
Far over spreading plains
Would stretch her pinions to the gale,
And speed that rest to gain.
- 2 O day of bliss! O hour more blest!
On, wished-for moment, roll,
When I with joy shall sink to rest,
Shall render up my soul
Into the faithful hand of God,
Whose guarantee must stand,
To take it to his own abode,
In yonder father-land.
- 3 The spirit, swiftly springing hence,
The firmament shall cleave,
And softly, strangely passing thence,
This lower sphere shall leave;

Borne up, Elijah-like, afar,
By happy angel bands,
Who throng about the rising car,
And clasp it with their hands.

4 All hail, ye ever-glorious towers !
Ye gates divine, uncloset !
How strong my wish ! how long the hours
Since heavenward hope arose !
Ere passed my years of vanity,
Ere vanished mortal strife,
And ere my God had granted me
The boon of endless life.

5 What multitudes of heavenly birth
Have passed those portals bright !
Redeemed from sin, the choice of earth :
I see them clothed in white !
They were my crown of joy below
Best gift from Jesus' hand,
While yet, in yonder vale of wo,
I joined their pilgrim-band.

6 Prophets and patriarchs of yore,
And humbler saints in throngs,
Who once the cross so meekly bore,
And persecutors' wrongs,
I see in gloriousness upborne,
In blissful freedom stray,
Vestured with radiance like the morn,
And crowned with streaming day.

7 Oh ! when I reach, on gladsome wing,
My beauteous paradise,
What songs of praise my tongue shall sing,
What joys shall in me rise !

While hallelujahs clear and strong
 Ring through the spheres of love,
 And high hosannas sweep along
 Th' eternal years above.

- 8 The jubilatic peals of song
 In myriad strains shall rise,
 And shake with loudest thunder-tongue
 The concave of the skies,—
 With thousand thousand trumps and lyres,
 And vocal tones sublime
 Shall roll, as when the angel choirs
 Shouted the morn of time.

326

Poor Mary.

- LOVE sounds in her sighs, love flows from
 her eyes,
 How pensive she utters her moan;
 The stone is removed, lost is all that she
 loved,
 Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!
- 2 But in vain was my care, those perfumes
 to prepare,
 And attempt to embalm him alone,
 Taken hence from my view, what, alas! can
 I do?
 Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!
- 8 But alas! 'tis in vain to seek ease from my
 pain,
 From those bosoms as callous as stone;
 None on earth seem to calm, by sweet sym-
 pathy's balm,
 A heart full of sighs, for the Master that's
 gone.

- 4 Hallelujahs arise! Oh, assist me, ye skies,
 And rejoice with a mortal who mourned!
 Hence! sorrow, hence! care, to the winds
 with despair!
 Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned!

327

C. M.

- G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints
 Their groans affect his ears:
 He has a book for their complaints,
 A bottle for their tears.
- 2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night,
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessing home.

328

MERCY'S FREE.—A. T. W.

- B**Y faith I view my Saviour dying,
 On the tree, on the tree;
 To every nation he is crying,
 "Look to me, look to me!"
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken
I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me:
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove—
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free :
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free:

329

L. M.—*Simeon.*

- BLESSED hour, when mortal man retires,
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to his sacred word.
- 2 Blessed hour! when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast;
 While all around, the calm divine,
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blessed hour! when God himself draws
 nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear—
 To list the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blessed hour! for then where He resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given;
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God—the gate of heaven.
- 5 Hail! blissful hour! supremely blessed
 Amid the hours of earthly care:
 The hour that yields the spirit rest—
 The sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

330

C. M.

RESIGNATION.

- H**APPY the man whose bliss supreme
 Flows from a source on high,
 And flows in one perpetual stream,
 When earthly springs are dry.
- 2 If Providence their comforts shroud,
 And dark distresses lour,
 Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
 And grace shines through the shower.
- 3 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm
 Who view a Saviour near?
 Whose Father sits and guides the helm—
 Whose voice forbids their fear?
- 4 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
 And mortal firmness shrink:
 Their anchor fastens in the skies—
 Their bark no more can sink.
- 5 God is their joy and portion still,
 When earthly good retires;
 And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
 When earth itself expires.

331

4 8s, 2 6s.

THE PASTOR'S BENEFIT

- T**HOU God of mercy, light, and love,
 Look from thy holy throne above,
 And tune our hearts to praise;
 Bestow thy blessing on us here,
 And let us feel thy presence near,
 As we our voices raise.
- 2 We meet, this eve, our pastor dear,
 Our gifts to bring, thy heart to cheer,

And aid thee on thy way :
 Nor this alone ; we fain would prove
 That ours are hearts of grateful love ;
 Accept the attempt, we pray.

- 3 We bring with these our wishes true,
 That Heaven's best gifts may rest on you,
 With all on earth you love ;
 And may our love, thus feebly shown,
 Cement the tie around us thrown,
 Till we shall meet above.
- 4 Oh, may thy labors here be blessed ;
 May we accept the promised rest,
 And souls to thee be given ;
 Till we shall all our pastor greet,
 In that bright world where saints shall meet
 And swell the songs of heaven.

332

C. M.—double.

HYMN TO THE TRINITY.—*W. H.

OH, praise the Lord ! his name extol,
 The God of skill and might ;
 Who formed my body, breathed my soul,
 And gave me life and light :—
 My FATHER, whose paternal care,
 To me from childhood shown,
 Exceeds my effort to declare,
 Exceeds what I have known.

- 2 Oh, praise the Lord ! adore his grace,
 My God, my only trust ;
 The Son, who, loving our lost race,
 United with our dust :—
 My SAVIOUR, who for me has given
 His all-atoning blood,
 To raise me up from earth to heaven,
 From wretchedness to God.

- 3 Oh, praise the Lord! the Holy One,
 My God, who seals my peace;
 Sent by the Father and the Son
 To guide me home to bliss:—
 My COMFORTER, whose quickening power
 Assists me day by day;
 Whose counsels in the darkest hour
 My trembling spirit stay.
- 4 Oh, praise the Lord! whose name is love,
 To Him like incense rise
 Perpetual praise from all that move,
 In earth and in the skies.
 Praise to the ever-blesséd Lord!
 The Triune God adore;
 Extol the Father and the Word
 And Spirit evermore.
- 5 As angel bands in glory sing
 The holy, holy song,
 So shall our hallelujahs ring
 Earth's hills and vales among,
 Till every land and every sea,
 Shall echo back the strain,
 And God, the glorious One in Three,
 In every heart shall reign.

333

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.—REV. T. O. SUMMERS.

THE morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me up from sleep—
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide :
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blessed Jesus, near thy side.

3 Oh, make me rest
 Within thy breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace—
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

This famous hymn was composed by Martin Luther on his way to Augsburg, A. D. 1530, and "sung during the Diet, in all the churches of Saxony."

334

In the metre of the original.

W. M. BUNTING.

A STRONG tower is THE LORD our God,
 To shelter and defend us ;
 Our shield His arm, our sword his rod,
 Against our foes befriend us :

That Ancient Enemy—

His gathering powers we see,
 His terrors and his toils ;

Yet, victory, with its spoils,

Not earth, but Heaven shall send us !

2 Though, wrestling with the wrath of hell,
 No might of man avail us,
 Our Captain is IMMANUEL,
 And angel-comrades hail us !
 Still challenge ye his name ?
 "CHRIST, in the flesh who came—

"THE LORD, the Lord of hosts!"

Our cause his succor boasts;
And God shall never fail us!

3 Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet hidden,—

And though their proud usurping god
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden,—

Nay! let them stand revealed,
And darken all the field,—

We fear not; fall they must!

THE WORD, wherein we trust,
Their triumph hath forbidden.

4 While mighty truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never,

Nor parting friendships, honors, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever:

They leave us when they part—

With Him—a peaceful heart;

And when from dust we rise,

Death yields us, as *he* dies,

The crown of life forever!

335

AUTUMN HYMN.—*W. H.

NOW sendest thou thine autumn, Lord!
Now sinking southward at thy word,

The sun withdraws his rays;
In cloudy veil conceals his sight,
And with a waning, feeble light,
Metes out the stinted days.

2 The milder season now is gone,
And fiercer blasts come hurrying on,
Through bleak, denuded vales;

The latest flowers their heads must bow

For autumn's colder breathings now

Sweep o'er the hills and dales.

- 3 Now heavy mists around us rise,
Nor harvest blessings greet our eyes
O'er all the widespread plain ;
How are the lovely fields laid waste !
And nature, worn with toil, makes hasty
Her winter rest to gain.
- 4 The fowls, that shun the frosts severe,
For more congenial climates steer
Far over land and flood :
Thou dost conduct their fitting hosts
And point the path to destined coasts,
And sate with needful food.
- 5 No harshness of the icy north
Drives us, migrating wanderers, forth,
From our warm dwellings torn ;
Here dost thou still our food prepare,
And we expect thy guardian care,
Renewed each winter morn.
- 6 We own thy hand from day to day,
As boisterous winds around us play
And winter rudely roars ;
For thy good Providence ordains
That earth both man and beast sustains
With summer-garnered stores.
- 7 O thou that screen'st the weak from harms,
And round the poor dost throw thine arms,
Almighty helper, thou !
Support us as our strength decays,
And let us, in our wintry days,
Still share thy love as now.
- 8 With life-long blessings wilt thou bless,
If we with pious carefulness

To seek thy grace engage:
 And he that does his work in truth
 Will ne'er have cause to curse his youth
 In his declining age.

336

AN EVENING MEDITATION.—*W. H.

PART FIRST.

I'M travelling to another sphere,
 But is it one of blessing?
 And when my race is finished here,
 Will angel arms, caressing,
 Around my trembling soul be thrown,
 To make my courage bold?
 Will they uphold,
 And to the Holy One
 Bear me upon their wings of gold?

2 How glorious are the heavens above,
 Their myriad beams combining!
 Faint image of my Father's love,
 Forever brightly shining:
 Oh, what a boundless field is there
 For endless blessedness!
 Ah, who can guess
 What Jesus may prepare
 For those whom he delights to bless.

3 Thou highest Good! how oft by night,
 In stillness have I met thee:
 How often in the sunbeams bright,
 Do I, alas, forget thee!
 As clouds obscure the brightest star,
 So the world's bustling noise,
 Its gilded toys,
 And loads of useless care,
 Make us lose sight of heavenly joys.

4 The heavens invite our earth-bound souls,
 The day out-beaming brightly,
 The sun that o'er us smiling rolls,
 The stars of beauty nightly :
 "Come up," the burning sunbeams shout,
 "Come up," the moon replies :
 And all the skies
 Send thrilling voices out,
To bid us from the dust arise.

337

PART SECOND.

SOUL, why to earth a toiling slave,
 When those bright heavens are o'er thee?
 The earth can give thee but a grave;
 The heavens, unending glory :
 That is thy sphere, thy native home,
 Then rise, my soul, and shine
 In robes divine ;
 The Saviour bids thee come
And make eternal pleasures thine.

2 He who prefers the worldly throng,
 Whom worldly glitter pleases,
 Cannot to Christ the Lord belong,
 The world-reproving Jesus :
 Here let me stand, and look within
 My heart's great deep, and say,
 Whither away
 My soul had fled—where been
If sudden death had come to-day?

3 Have I attended to his voice?
 Waked from my sinful slumbers?
Faithful to him from whom my joys
Have flowed in countless numbers?

Cast up thy account, my soul, and see—
 Come to his throne, and bring
 Thy reckoning;
 Nor seek, through shame, to flee
 The presence of thy Judge and King.

4 'Tis FAITH alone beholds the crown,
Faith in atoning merit;
 And when the world to hell sinks down,
 FAITH shall the throne inherit;
 Reflect thereon—this saving faith,
 Which, whosoever hath
 In Him who bled,
 Gives in the hour of death
 Soft pillows for the languid head.

5 Reflect thereon—that thus the time
 May not unheeded fly thee;
 But for his holy heaven sublime,
 The Saviour sanctify thee;
 With Him to live is all to have!
 This I shall fully prove,
 Where all is love;
 The body in the grave,
 The soul caught up to bliss above.

SIX days the Lord employed,
 In building earth and heaven,
 And then this day of rest enjoyed,
 The brightest of the seven.

2 When Christ our Saviour slept
 In death's sepulchral gloom,
 The wakeful Roman soldiers kept
 Their vigils round his tomb.

- 3 Vain effort of his foes!
To chain the God of might!
On this glad morning he arose,
And put them all to flight.
- 4 When closed this earthly scene,
And time and judgment past,
A Sabbath-day shall then begin,
That evermore shall last.
- 5 Then hallowed be this day!
The day my Saviour blessed;—
The token of his victory,
The type of heavenly rest.

339

L. M.

MORNING PRAISE.—W. H.

- FATHER in heaven! the morning rays
Teach me to lift my heart in praise;
Day after day declares thy love,
All worlds beyond, all thoughts above.
- 2 In night's dark stillness, every hour
Proclaims thy all protecting power;
And as the sun mounts up the sky,
My soul would leap with him on high.
- 3 Out of the chambers of the east
He hastes as to a marriage-feast,
Rejoicing in the joy he yields
To hills and vales, and floods and fields.
- 4 Far as his beams on earth are thrown,
So far, O Lord, thy grace is shown;
Bright as he shines in heaven above,
So brightly shines thy glorious love.

- 5 Father, accept my humble song,
And lead me by thy truth along;
That I, rejoicing like the sun,
May all my race of duty run.

340 C. M.
THE LORD'S PRAYER.—PARAPHRASE.—W. R.

- O UR heavenly Father! let thy name
Be hallowed and adored;
Thou art forevermore the same
Indulgent, Sovereign Lord.
- 2 In this rebellious realm, let sin
To righteousness give place;
Thy kingdom in all hearts begin
The reign of truth and grace.
- 3 Reclaim us from our sinful fall;
Let quickening grace be given;
Thy will be done in earth, by all,
As it is done in heaven.
- 4 In thine unfailing, boundless love,
Give us our daily bread;
And with the manna from above,
Oh, let our souls be fed.
- 5 Who can discharge the mighty debt,
We to thy justice owe?
Forgive the sins that we commit,
As we forgiveness show.
- 6 Permit us not, with wayward feet,
In dangerous paths to stray;
But with preventing influence meet,
And show the Living Way.

- 7 Oh, save us from the tempter's spite!
 Satan must bow to thee;
 For thine the kingdom and the might;—
 And thine the glory be.
- 8 Forever be thy name adored,
 By all in earth and heaven:—
 To one thrice holy, triune Lord,
 Be glory ever given.

341

C. M.

PRAYER FOR A CHRISTIAN IN SICKNESS.—W. H.

- OUR gracious Saviour and our Lord,
 Who didst in days of yore,
 By speaking but one healing word,
Another's servant cure—
 Lo! here *thy* servant lieth ill,
 For whom thy children care;
 Thou art the Good Physician still—
 Wilt thou not hear our prayer?
- 2 The same thou art in power and grace,
 We cannot doubt thy love;
 Though now in heaven before thy face
 Ten thousand angels move:
 With wrestling faith our hearts we pour
 Before thy gracious throne,
 Wouldst thou another's servant cure,
 And not regard thine own?
- 3 Thine own thou surely dost regard,
 Redeemed with precious blood,
 And fit him for his high reward,
 And chasten for his good:

Thy joyous love his heart sustain,
 Thy grace his strength renew;
 And quickly raise him up again,
 His Master's work to do.

4 A single Roman soldier sent
 His message, full of faith;
 And thou, on works of mercy bent,
 His servant saved from death:
 Behold they come, themselves, to thee,
 Thine own disciples dear,
 And bend in faith the suppliant knee,
 And shed th' imploring tear.

5 Master Supreme, disease and wo
 Thy sovereign voice obey;
 At thy command they come and go,
 Submissive to thy sway.
 The word of healing mercy send
 And in this self-same hour,
 Oh, let thy servant, Lord, amend,
 And glorify thy power.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro
 claims
 For all the pious dead:
 Sweet is the savor of their name,
 And soft their sleeping dead.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sin released,
 And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

343

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

- BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dreams of days to come?
- 6 Turn! mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of the dead.

- 7 Turn! Christian, turn! thy soul apply,
 To truth divinely given;
 The forms that underneath thee lie
 Shall live for hell or heaven.

344 JACOB'S LADDER.—REVISED BY W. H.

WHEN Jacob, the pilgrim, was wearied by
 day,
 At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,
 And saw, in a vision, a ladder so high,
 Its foot was on earth and its top in the sky

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,
 To raise up this ladder of mercy for me!
 Press upward, press upward, the prize is in view,
 A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.*

- 2 This heavenly ladder is strong and well
 made,
 Has lasted for ages, and is not decayed;
 The feeblest may venture, with faith, to go
 up,
 And angels will help them from bottom to
 top.

Chorus.

- 3 Lo! upward and downward they constantly
 go,
 Extending a hand to the toilers below;
 And when a new climber sets out for the
 skies,
 Their shouts to the top of the ladder arise.

Chorus.

4 "Another, another," they sing, in their
love,
"Is seeking his home and his treasure
above;"
And angels in glory, responding, cry,
"Come,"
And welcome each penitent sinner up home.
Chorus.

5 This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-
man,
Whose blood, freely streaming, from Calvary
ran;
By his great atonement to heaven we rise,
And sing in the mansions prepared in the
skies.
Chorus.

6 Come, sin-burthened brother, ascend with
your load;
No—leave it behind you, and rise up to God;
Set foot on the ladder, and soon you will
find
The troublesome burden of sin left behind.
Chorus.

7 Now, mount up the ladder—be bold—never
fear;
It bears all who trust it, and ever will bear:
Lo! millions have tried it, and reached
Zion's hill,
And thousands on thousands are climbing it
still.
Chorus.

8 Upon it our fathers have gone home to
God—
Have finished their journey, and gained their
abode;

And we are ascending, and soon will be
there,
To join in their songs, and their heaven to
share.

Chorus.

345

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.—LOVELL.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us while our songs we raise.
Praise for thine unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand;
Praise for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favored land.

- 2 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ;
Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

346

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

WHAT is there here to court my stay
To hold me back from home
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

- 2 The race we all are running now ;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain :
Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on that shore.
- 3 Then if I suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share,
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim ;
And solemnize, in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

347

C. M.

- THY gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's rod,
My heart no more complains.
This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it, all is night.
- 2 Oh, happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight
And rapture to the heart.
Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

3 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope that where thou art,
I shall forever be:
Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

348

*"Long time ago."**"WHEN I AM GONE."*

MY Christian friends, weep not for me,
When I am gone;
And when my lowly grave you see,
Oh, do not mourn;
But praise the Lord, I'm freed from pain
And life's rough storm;
And pray that we may meet again,
When I am gone.

2 Plant ye some wild-flowers on my tomb.
When I am gone;
That they may there in silence bloom,
O'er your loved one;
Entwine a chaplet round my head,
And often come
And view where sleep the early dead,
When I am gone.

3 And oft, my friends, in after years,
When I am gone,
When memory opes the fount of tears,
Sing ye this song;
And know that though I mouldering lie,
'Twill not be long
Till we shall meet in yonder sky,
When I am gone.

349

THE VICTORY OF THE ANGELS.—W. H.

GONE, gone from earth's wearisome trials
and wo ;

The contest is over at length ;
We selfishly sought to detain her below,
But the angels excelled us in strength ;—
Excelled us poor mortals in strength.

2 Commissioned to bear from our bosoms
away

The prize of our heart's fondest love,
They left in our grasp but the vesture of clay,
And lodged the pure spirit above ;—
They lodged it with Jesus above.

3 By prayer unremitting we struggled full long
The cohorts of mercy to foil ;
Till, tuning their harps to the voice of sweet
song,

They vanquished, and bore off the spoil ;—
Triumphantly bore off the spoil.

4 What marvel the spirit accustomed to
sighs,

Allured by soft melody's tone,
Should plume her white pinions, and mount
to the skies,

Where sighing is nevermore known ;—
Is never—can never be known ?

5 Ah! wherefore the pious, the pure and the
true,

Thus snatched from our sin-flooded shore,
Where saints, greatly needed, are feeble and
few,

And sinners in number are more ;—
Where sinners are stronger and more ?

- 6 Be silent the cavil that whispers within.—
 Death comes as the mandate of love,
 Removing the pious from suffering and sin,
 Because they are needed above;—
 More needed for angels above.
- 7 They need them to strengthen the mi-
 nist'ring throng,
 To whom the sweet office is given
 To visit us wand'ers with harp and with
 song,
 And woo our affections to heaven;—
 Our friends—our affections to heaven.

350

INDEPENDENCE ODE.—MRS. SIGOURNEY

- CLIME! beneath whose genial sun
 Kings were quelled and freedom won,
 Where the dust of Washington
 Sleeps in glory's bed;
 Heroes, from thy sylvan shade,
 Changed the plough for battle-blade,
 Holy men for thee have prayed,
 Patriot martyrs bled.
- 2 Crownless Judah mourns in gloom,
 Greece lies slumbering in the tomb,
 Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
 Lost her conquering name!
 Youthful nation of the West,
 Rise! with truer greatness blest;
 Sainted bands; from realms of rest,
 Watch thy brightening fame.
- 8 Empire of the brave and free,
 Stretch thy sway from sea to sea:
 Who shall bid thee bend the knee

To a tyrant's throne ?
 Knowledge is thine armor bright,
 Liberty thy beacon-light,
 God himself thy shield of might,—
 Bow to him alone.

351

CONVERSION.—*W. H.

MY name is now in heaven recorded,
 With God's own children numbered
 there;

A crown to me, a throne awarded—
 An heir of God—a chosen heir !
 Fearless upon his bosom resting,
 To him through Jesus reconciled—
 All his unbounded mercy tasting—
 A pardoned, saved, and happy child.

2 Praise to the Shepherd good and holy,
 Who watched my steps while far astray,
 With tears pursued me in my folly,
 And led me back to wisdom's way :
 He washed me, and my wounds anointed,
 And laid me on my Father's breast,
 And said, while to *his* wounds he pointed,
 " By these, belovéd, thou art blest."

3 Hail ! time of holy recreation,
 The day of long desired repose ;
 From Jesus' wounds a full salvation,
 In one life-giving current flows :
 The more my impotence perceiving,
 The strength of grace the more I feel,
 And though for former follies grieving,
 Rejoice with joy unspeakable

- 4 And daily now my strength renewing,
 My Saviour will I follow still;
 The upward narrow path pursuing,
 That leads to Zion's peaceful hill:
 There, in the Sabbath never-ending,
 Ten thousand saints, with one accord—
 Ten thousand angel voices blending—
 Sing, "Glory! glory to the Lord!"

352 "THERE IS A BETTER DAY A-COMING."—W. H.

FLY up, my soul, and view the plains
 Where everlasting beauty reigns.

CHORUS.

*There's a better day a-coming!
 Glory, hallelujah!*

- 2 No sickness there—no grief—no sigh—
 For there the dwellers never die.
Chorus.
- 3 While here, we groan with toil and care,
 But we shall shine in glory there:—
Chorus.
- 4 Shall range along the river-side,
 And drink the cool and living tide:—
Chorus.
- 5 Shall stand the trees of life below,
 And pluck the fruits that on them grow:—
Chorus.
- 6 Shall pluck the fruits and pluck the
 flowers,
 And dwell at ease in angel bowers.
Chorus.

- 7 Our huts below are poor and old,
Our mansions there are bright with gold.
Chorus.
- 8 And there our once so weary feet
Shall dance along each glittering street.
Chorus.
- 9 Our robes shall all be purest white,
Our crowns more dazzling than the light.
Chorus.
- 10 Our conquering palms shall wave around,
Our harps like David's harp shall sound.
Chorus.
- 11 Our songs about the throne shall rise,
Our shouts shall echo through the skies.
Chorus.
- 12 Roll on, bright day, in glory roll,
Arise to meet it, O my soul.
Chorus.

353

THE SOON DEPARTED.—W. H.

- M**OURN, my harp, the soon departed!
Tender, smiling infancy!
Childhood pure and merry-hearted,
Snatched from yearning breasts away.
- 1 Yet, abstain from grief consuming :—
Rescued from the future ill,
Safe in bowers forever blooming,
They are living, smiling still :—
- 2 Little wingéd seraphs, fluttering,
Now, amid celestial beams ;
Now, with lute-like voices, uttering
Spirit-whispers in our dreams.

- 4 Who would dim their raptured vision
 With the veil of flesh again?
 Who would dash their cup elysian?
 Substitute the cup of pain?
- 5 Who would hush their holy carols?
 Break their harps and drown their songs!
 Bring them back to woes and perils?
 Subject them to frauds and wrongs?
- 6 Father, oh, forgive our carpings!
 Let that joyous seraph band
 Round thee dance with happy harpings,
 Still the loved in glory-land.
- 7 Ills can nevermore befall them,
 Stars in Jesus' diadem;
 Nevermore may we recall them,
 But we hasten on to them.

354

THE ANGELS.—*W. H.

- LORD, thou hast with thee on high
 Myriad hosts in bright array;
 How unlike those hosts am I,
 Feeble, sinful, dying clay!
 Oh, shall I at last be there,
 Pure as those good angels are?
- 2 Clogged with this corporeal part,
 How can I from earth arise?
 Give me, Lord, an angel heart,
 Tending to its native skies—
 Dispositions all divine,
 As a heaven-born child of thine.

- 3 Oh, create my soul anew,
By thy Spirit and thy Word;
And with wisdom pure endue,
Like an angel of the Lord;
Till I stand in heaven's own light,
Perfect in my Father's sight.
- 4 On the earth, as in high heaven,
Let thy holy will be done;
And to men this grace be given,
In obedient paths to run,
And perform a service true,
As the holy angels do.
- 5 Perils thick around us stand,
Enemies our steps waylay;
Send, O Lord, thine angel band,
To protect us night and day:
Those bright watchers round our bed,
We shall sleep devoid of dread.
- 6 Like thy servant Lazarus,
When his weary life was fled,
Let me, dying, pillow thus
On an angel's breast my head,
And on angels' pinions rise,
Joyful to the opening skies.
- 7 When the wicked in disgrace
Sink with Satan to the pit,
Let me then before thy face
With thy ransomed people sit;
And to all eternity
Like a blessed angel be.

355 THE SONG OF THE DYING SAINT.—*W. H.

A LOFT! aloft! the spirit plumes her wings
 To leave her tent below;
The signal sounds! oh, blessed sound, **that**
 brings,

Deliverance from wo:
 No more in gloom and sadness,
 An exile shall I roam,
 But haste, with songs of gladness,
 Up to my heavenly home.

2 Adieu, my friends, and let your joys
 abound;

Wipe all your tears away;
 Nor with an unbecoming grief surround
 This crumbling piece of clay:
 This, on the coming morrow,
 Shall sleep beneath the sod;
 But *I*, set free from sorrow,
 Shall fly away to God.

3 Bow down upon your knees and fold your
 hands,

And shout for victory;
 Broken are all my fetters and my bands,
 The prisoner is free!
 Well that I still contended,
 Well that I fainted not;
 Now is my warfare ended,
 And glorious peace my lot.

4 The breath of life, that bears my soul aloft—
 And heals my fainting heart,

The gales of heavenly fragrance, sweet and
 soft,

Invite me to depart—

So seeks the lark, with singing,
On buoyant wing to soar,
When vernal flowers are springing,
And winter is no more.

5 I see a new and glorious light arise ;
The veil of clouds is gone ;
And through the portals of the upper skies
Blushes the heavenly dawn.
The earth is retrogressing,
Where suffering long I lay ;
Upward my soul is pressing,
To bathe in floods of day.

6 I see them now, those blessed fields of light,
The long-sought, wished-for strand ;
I hear a voice—" Thy faith is turned to sight,
There is thy father-land.
In patience hast thou waited
To see thy promised home ;
Thy time is now completed,
The hour of joy has come."

7 Whom do I see? what form of matchless
grace
To greet me doth arise ;
Majestic mildness beaming from his face,
And blessings from his eyes !
Down at thy feet I throw me,
And speak the blissful word,
And dost thou, dost thou know me,
O Jesus Christ, my Lord !

8 He smiles and lifts me to his bosom nigh,
His once afflicted breast ;
And speaks—" Come thou into thy Master's
joy,
Thine everlasting rest :

Here will I safely keep thee,
 With all my followers dear;
 And those on earth who weep thee
 Will soon pursue thee here."

356

OH, TELL ME NO MORE.

OH, tell me no more
 Of the world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy
 ground.

2 The souls that believe
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive,
 My soul, don't delay,
 He calls thee away;
 Rise! follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
 day.

3 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go;
 So onward I move
 To a city above;
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin,
 Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ
 within;

And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind :
 So this is the race
 I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's
 face.

6 And now I'm in care
 My neighbors may share
 These blessings: to seek them will none of
 you dare?
 In bondage, oh why,
 And death, will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so
 nigh?

357

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.—J. CROSS.

A STRANGER dejected and weary,
 In exile I roam,
 Through deserts all darksome and dreary,
 In quest of my home;
 For there is my heart and my treasure,
 And there I shall rest before long;
 My pain all exchanging for pleasure,
 My sorrow forgetting in song.

2 The friends that I love have departed,
 And left me alone;
 Sore burdened and half broken-hearted,
 I sigh to be gone:

My spirit, with ardent endeavour,
 Pursues to that heavenly shore,
 Where saints will be seraphs forever,
 And friends shall be parted no more.

- 3 O Jesus, if still thou dost love me,
 Who for me hast died,
 In pity make haste to remove me,
 And seat by thy side ;
 To gaze on the Saviour that bought me,
 Or lean on the bosom that bled,
 And sing of the mercy that taught me
 To live by the life thou hast shed.

358

8s, 7s.

THE voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain-top he bounds ;
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills :
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 " Rise, my love, and come away."

- 2 The scattered clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter past ;
 The lovely vernal flowers appear,
 The warbling choir enchants the ear :
 Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
 Coos the turtle-dove alone.

359

C. M.

THE LIVING WATERS.

AT Jacob's well a Stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer ;
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 That Jacob's God was near.

- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind
 For richer draughts had sighed ;
 Nor had Messiah, good and kind,
 Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 The Man who came on earth to die,
 How few appear to know !
 The Friend of sinners, passing by,
 Is still esteemed a foe.
- 4 The sinner must the Stranger know,
 Or soon his loss deplore ;
 Behold the living waters flow !
 Come, drink and thirst no more.

360

S. M.

BALAAM'S WISH.—NEWTON.

- HOW blest the righteous are,
 When they resign their breath !
 No wonder Balaam wished to share
 In such a happy death.
- 2 Oh, let me die, said he,
 The death the righteous do ;
 When life is ended, let me be
 Found with the faithful few.
- 3 The force of truth how great,
 When enemies confess,
 None but the righteous, whom they hate,
 A solid hope possess !
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain—
 His heart was insincere ;
 He thirsted for unrighteousness,
 And sought his portion here.

- 5 May we, O Lord most high,
 Warning from hence receive :
 If like the righteous we would die,
 To choose the life they live.

361

C. M.

HEAVEN DESIRED.—MOORE.

THE bird let loose from eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idler warblers roam ;
 But high she shoots, through air and light,
 Above all low delay ;
 Where nothing earthly bounds her sight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

- 2 So grant me, Lord, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air
 To urge my course to thee—
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs,
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings.

362

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—*W. H.

THERE is a God ! awe-struck, I feel
 The glorious truth divine ;
 In deepest wo—in highest weal,
 This constant faith be mine :
 What profits all this earth below,
 Or what can hope on me bestow,
 If faith in God decline ?

- 2 Thou art, O God! thou art and liv'st;
 Like rocks my faith shall stay;
 Thou only perfect virtue giv'st,
 And lead'st in virtue's way:
 Thou art, and liv'st, and, far and near,
 I see it in thy works appear:
 All, all thy rule obey.
- 3 But had these tokens never been,
 These works of heavenly art,
 Yet could I turn my eyes within,
 And find thee in my heart:
 I am! I am! how could I be,
 Unless my being came from thee,
 And thou my Father wert?
- 4 With confidence I raise my thought
 Up to thy throne on high;
 Thou art, O God! I doubt it not,
 Though hidden from mine eye:
 Let this my faith still active be
 In works of holy charity,
 Producing heavenly joy.

363

THE GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR.—*W. H.

WHEN, O Creator, when thy might
 And wisdom I survey,
 Thy love, that never sleeps by night,
 That never tires by day—
 How shall I praise thee as I ought?
 How fails each laboring word!
 Thy glories overpower my thought,
 My Father, God, and Lord.

- 2 My eyes behold, wherever turned,
 Thy wonders with delight;
 The heavens, most splendidly adorned,
 Reflect the God of might.
 Who raised the sun to rule the day,
 Of heaven the brilliant boast?
 Who clothed him with his majesty?
 Who rules the starry host?
- 3 Who calls from high the teeming rain?
 Who measures out the winds?
 Who opens up earth's fruitful plain,
 And all her stores unbinds?
 O God of power and gloriousness,
 To thee the praise be given!
 Thy goodness spreads, all lands to bless,
 Far as the clouds of heaven.
- 4 My soul, exalt the sovereign Lord,
 Extol his glories high;
 Our God and Father be adored,
 Through all the earth and sky.
 Who would not serve thee, God of power?
 Our great Jehovah fear?
 In thee we trust each passing hour,
 Thee evermore revere.

364 DUTY TO THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.—* W. B.

WE are ONE in sinful nature,
 All descended from the same:
 Help through ONE great offering came,
 Through the Lamb, the Mediator;
 And the joys prepared in heaven,
 On like terms to all are given

- 2 Shall I then, God's children hating,
Cease to see their wants or woes—
Ne'er show mercy to my foes—
Ne'er my rigid claims abating—
Careless for thy mercy, Lord,
Fearless for thy judgment-sword?
- 3 Jesus, for thy blood-pursuers
Thou didst offer earnest prayer;
And the loads which thou did'st bear,
Was the load of evil-doers;
Yet no vengeance didst thou call,
Suffering and forgiving all.
- 4 If, through sinful inclination,
My torn heart should go astray,
And to wrath and hate give way,
Help me then to vanquish passion;
Thee my Saviour let me see,
Going to the death for me.
- 5 How thy tears of sorrow teeming,
When thine eyes beheld my end;
How for me, thou sinners' friend,
Once thy precious blood was streaming;
How thou suffered'st on the tree—
This, all this, oh let me see!
- 6 Let me mark thy footsteps bloody—
Learn to do as thou hast done;
Whoso hates is not a son—
Not a member of thy body,
Forfeits all his hopes above,
Loathed of God, the God of love.
- 7 Help me, Lord, to practise fully
All thy holy sovereign will;
Patience, meekness, kindness still:
Love like thee, my Saviour, truly;

Gentle, peaceful, courteous, mild,
Easy to be reconciled.

- 8 Every Christian is a brother
Member of our Head, once slain
Life and grace for all to obtain;
Let us therefore love each other—
Hold each other up in prayer,
Pardon, comfort, and forbear.

365

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUTH.—*W. H.

HOW blest the man well-doing,
Who as he is appears;
An honest life pursuing,
Through long continued years!
Whose soul, to right devoted,
In love of virtue strong,
Preserves himself unspotted
From avarice, fraud, and wrong.

- 2 Blest who, with strength increasing,
Adheres to truth and faith;
For God with grace and blessing
Will honor him till death;
Then raise him up to heaven,
To shine in garments bright;
While sinners shall be driven,
Disgraced, to endless night.
- 3 O Lord! deception ever
Keep from my breast away,
That tongue and lip may never
Indulge in vain display;
Oh, make my conscience tender,
Dissembling to eschew,
And studiously to render
To every man his due.

- 4 The word which I have spoken,
Though to my own great harm,
Let me preserve unbroken,
And faithfully perform ;
Nor help to circulation,
Through pride and motives vain,
A baseless fabrication,
My credit to sustain.
- 5 Let prudence still beside me
Hold out her leading hand,
In all my words to guide me,
That I may understand,
When for another, meetly,
To speak with friendship bold ;
When for myself discreetly ;
And when my peace to hold.
- 6 O Saviour, keep far from me
All fraud, deceit, and lies ;
Nor love of gain o'ercome me,
Whatever be the prize.
Lo, here great joy thou givest,
And yonder crowns to own,
Where thou in glory livest,
And fraud is never known.

366

FIRST PART.—*W. H.

PROCLAIM, ye ransomed ones, proclaim,
Uplifted from the fall,
Through whom your great salvation came,
Through whom your blessings all :
From yonder rifted Rock,
In holy anger struck,
A crystal fount outgushing rolls,
The well of life to dying souls

- 2 The glorious God becomes a man,
To suffer in our stead ;
And raises, by his wondrous plan,
Lost nature from the dead :
Through Jacob's favored race,
First flowed the stream of grace ;
Now runs through all the earth abroad,
The gospel of the grace of God.
- 3 This living fount itself divides
In two congenial streams ;
And softly bears upon its tides
The souls whom God redeems :
That one the patriarchs bore
On to the heavenly shore ;
On this, adown through sorrow's vale,
Jesus, thine own disciples sail.
- 4 Meanwhile is this terrestrial sphere
To man in goodness given ;
Not to lay up his treasure here,
But to prepare for heaven :
'Tis but the dressing-place,
Where robes of righteousness,
Washed and made white in Jesus' blood,
We may put on, and haste to God.

367

PART SECOND.

CHRIST, from his glorious throne on high,
Came down to seek our love ;
We also must ourselves deny,
To reign with him above :
His crown he laid aside,
To gain the Church, his bride,
And never can the soul find rest
Till leaning on the Saviour's breast

- 2 Then be his glorious name adored,
 Who our deliverance wrought :
 Through him is all our loss restored ;
 To him let all be brought ;
 Whoso his grace receives,
 And on his name believes,
 Must do like him the Father's will,
 Else is his heart a Babel still.
- 3 Come, then, whoe'er would live aright :
 Through Jesus' cleansing blood,
 First make your hearts in God delight,
 And love and practise good ;
 His church ye then shall be,
 From wrath and doubting free ;
 Then shall the glorious, bleeding Lamb
 Your Bridegroom be, your daily psalm.
- 4 But ye who, living still in sin,
 Your zeal for God declare,
 Look deep within you, and begin
 The reformation there ;
 Forsake your lust and sin,
 And let pure love come in ;
 And till your hearts this grace obtain,
 Lay by your songs—your songs are vain.

368

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

OUR Father God, the God of power,
 Our stay, our shield, to thee,
 When darkening clouds of danger lour,
 With confidence we flee.

- 2 In seasons of foreboding harm,
 When anxious thoughts invade,
 We hang upon thy sheltering arm,
 Nor dare to be afraid.

- 3 And when around us hosts of foes,
 With wrathful threats combine,
 Thou biddest, in our night of woes,
 Thy star of promise shine.
- 4 Ah, were there no sweet throne of *grace*,
 How wretched were our doom!
 This earth would be a lonesome place,
 More dreadful than the tomb.
- 5 But ours thou art, our faithful God,
 And we are thine alone;
 The purchase of his precious blood
 Who sits upon the throne.
- 6 And to thy throne our hearts ascend,
 They follow Jesus there,
 Who calls himself our brother, friend,
 And joins with ours his prayer.
- 7 Through him, in endless plenitude,
 Are all our wants supplied;
 And still the highest form of good
 Is found in prayer denied.

369

8s, 7s.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

LO! the gospel ship is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
 All who wish to sail for glory,
 Come, and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
All her sailors loudly cry;
While the blissful port of glory
Opens to each faithful eye.

- 2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore :
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

Chorus.

- 3 Richly laden with provisions—
Want her sailors never know ;
Gospel grace and every blessing
From her noble Pilot flow.

Chorus.

- 4 Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along,
All her company rejoicing ;
“Glory!” bursts from every tongue.

Chorus.

- 5 Do not fear the ship will founder,
Though the foaming billows roar ;
Jesus Christ will safely guide her
To her destined, happy shore.

Chorus.

- 6 Foes may try to overturn her,
But their efforts will be vain ;
Guided by so great a Captain,
Sail she must across the main.

Chorus.

- 7 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace,
Bearing all her faithful sailors
To their heavenly landing-place.

Chorus.

- 8 Come, poor sinners, be converted ;
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you will be happy,
Happy in eternity.

Chorus.

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A large, stylized handwritten letter 'P'.





